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GARNERED.

BY HEA.

Oh, unlived lives that pass away
In dark of night and light of day,
Whose dreamless hearts no music find
In southern breeze or northern wind;
Who know each bird and flower by name,
Yet find their language all the same;
To lose a sweet world ever nigh—
"The harvest of a quiet eye."

In spring's first smile, in summer's glow,
In autumn's rain, in winter's snow
That shrouds the dying year, and gives
A cradle to the one that lives,
In simplest things is scattered round
A world of beauty, thought and sound,
For those that reap in passing by
"The harvest of a quiet eye."

Ah, blessed friends that ne'er grow strange,
And happy world that ne'er will change,
You seem to weep if we are sad,
And gaily laugh if we are glad;
Your language is in every tone,
You make a thousand dreams our own,
If we can reap with smile or sigh
"The harvest of a quiet eye."

A LIFE'S MISTAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE THAT LIVES," "THE FATAL LILIES," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

GABRIEL'S STORY.

THE first thing that I, Gabriel Holmes, can recall is a little gray stone house with an old fashioned porch and lattice-windows, known, I discovered afterwards, as the south lodge. It was covered with jessamine, wistaria, roses, Virginia creeper, and honeysuckle, and surrounded with trees.

My mother, as I believed her to be in those days, Jane Holmes, was a nice-looking woman with ruddy cheeks and even white teeth. She always wore a black dress and white apron, and was passionately fond of me, and very kind. I do not remember hearing one angry word from her. She used to sing to me in a sweet low voice a quaint old song about "fair Gabriel." Once I asked her if it was "fair little Gabriel," and she said "Yes." Little as I was, it pleased me to be called "fair."

One evening my mother carried me to a little room, which afterwards became a paradise of delight to me, and laid me in a pretty white bed; from where I lay I could see the topmost branches of trees and some birds flitting about in them. The sun must have been setting, for the trees were all tinged with gold. Wondering at their marvellous beauty, I fell asleep, soothed by the rustling of the leaves and the song of the birds.

When I awoke it was quite dark, and by my bedside stood my mother, holding a candle in her hand, and with her was a lady who was tall and beautiful, with hair that shone like gold. Jewels glittered on her white breast, her arms were bare to the shoulder and were clasped by gold bands, and a rich dress fell around her in a graceful fold.

When she saw that I was awake, she fell upon her knees by the bedside, took me in her arms, and kissed me until I could hardly breathe.

"My darling, my treasure, my little Gabriel!" she cried, and then kissed me again, while tears rained from her face. "My darling! How beautiful he is Jane! What hair—what eyes! Speak to me, Gabriel."

"Hush, my lady!" said my mother in a warning voice. "Pray remember!"

"I can remember nothing. Oh, Gabriel, my darling, speak to me! Put your arms about my neck and kiss me, my beautiful boy!"

I did so: I clasped my arms round her neck and kissed the beautiful face.

"Speak to me Gabriel. Say to me 'I love you.'"

"Hush! Oh, my lady, be more careful!" interposed my mother. "Do pray mind!"

The lady shook her golden head half impatiently, and then said gently—

"You are right, Jane, and I am wrong. But it is too hard to have to weigh every word."

She kissed me again and again, and then she hid my face on her bosom.

"Say 'I love you,'" she whispered to me.

"I love you," I said.

Then, to my surprise, she began to weep bitter passionate tears, afterwards talking very strangely. Surely she was praying to some one, for there was no one present but my mother and myself—praying fervently!

"Oh, my lost dear love," she said, "If I could see you but for one minute and show you Gabriel!"

"My lady," cried my mother again, "I am sure it is not safe! Gabriel is almost old enough to understand."

"Why, how old is he? asked the lady.

"He has turned four; but he is very quick of his age. You could not tell how clever he is unless you were with him about all the time."

Then the lady kissed my mother, and said everything that was loving and kind to her. I sat up in my little bed, looking at them and listening to their conversation, yet I could not understand everything I heard.

"I will not come often, I promise you, Jane. You may trust me. If I had not felt quite sure of myself, I would not have sent for you. It is the first time I have seen him for eighteen months—not since I was married; can you wonder then that I am delighted?"

My mother made some answer in a low tone. It was remonstrance evidently from the manner of it.

"I promise—I promise," said the lady quickly. "But, Jane, how beautiful he is!

"I have never seen a face like his."

Then she took up a tress of her golden hair and laid it by mine.

"There is hardly any difference," she said. "Gabriel's is pale gold and mine is bright. How more than happy I am! Who would have thought this could have been brought about so easily?"

"But you must be prudent, my lady—you must indeed."

"So I will after this; but I must speak now, you know. How it all comes back to me—the mad sweet foolish love that no other can be like, that one blissful week! I will come sometimes when he is asleep at night, and no one will be the wiser. See," she added, pointing with a smile to the cloak thrown over her arm—"I can hide my dress and jewels with this."

"But you cannot hide your golden hair and beautiful face," remarked my mother.

"I must try," said the lady; "and now I will bid farewell to my little Gabriel."

She came to me again, and, clasping me in her arms once more, kissed me as though she would never tire. I looked well at her then, for my courage had come back to me.

"Will you come again?" I asked her.

"I will, my treasure, and soon. I will bring you a box of soldiers and a ball and some other things."

"My lady, is it wise?" asked my mother in a tone of quiet resignation.

"No, it is folly; but the folly is so sweet Jane!" answered the lady in her pleasant manner.

When she retired the darkness seemed to deepen; and I went to sleep to dream of the golden hair and lovely face.

My mother never encouraged me to talk about the lady who came that night, to see me. I was dimly conscious that she came again and again, for frequently, when I awoke in the morning, I found on my bed toys and fruit and various things that children like; and my mother shook her head when I asked who had brought them.

I do not remember seeing the lady again until I was old enough to roam about the woods alone. I must have been about eight years old then. One day when I was in Langton woods, sitting under some beeches, I saw her walking along a narrow path, that led to the river. To me she looked like a beautiful picture. She was wearing a blue dress, and a hat with a rich plume that drooped over her face. Her movements were so graceful that they struck me, young as I was.

She caught sight of me quite suddenly; and I saw her turn deathly pale; then she came up to me quickly, and, kneeling down upon the grass, she flung her arms around me and clasped me to her.

"Oh, Gabriel," she cried, "how long it is since I have seen you! I have been away in strange lands, my darling; but I have thought of you always. Did you know that I have been away?" she asked.

"No," I answered. "I do not know who you are."

What had I said or done? A minute or two since she was kneeling by my side, her face bright with happiness; now she had hidden her face in her hands and was crying out—

"Who am I? Oh, Heaven, I am justly punished by his saying that!" She kissed me again, and tears streamed down her face. "I will tell you, Gabriel, who I am," she said. "Do you know the Hall, the big house they call Langton Wolde?"

"No," I answered—I had seen no houses except the south lodge.

"Well, there is a very large house beyond the tree there, called Langton Wolde, and I live there."

"Is it yours?" I asked, with some curiosity. To have a large house of one's own seemed to me very grand indeed.

"Yes, in part. I live there, and it is my house, Gabriel; and my name is Lady Lulworth. Can you say it?"

"Oh, yes!" I replied, my dignity somewhat wounded. "Lady Lulworth."

"That is right, dear. I am Lady Lulworth."

I had some vague notion that she was very far removed from me, and that, I suppose, emboldened me to ask the next question.

"Why do you love me and kiss me?" I said.

"Once, dear, long ago, I—I knew a little boy like you, with the same beautiful hair and eyes. I loved him—ah, with all my heart!—and, because you are like him, I love you."

"What was his name?" I asked, with some jealousy. I was already beginning to love this strange woman, who loved me.

"We need not mind his name, Gabriel. I loved him, and now I love you. I shall see you often now that I have come back. I must trust you in one thing, my dear. You will never tell any one that I love and kiss you, will you?"

The request was small, the answer brief; yet in some vague way that question and answer bound us heart and soul, it seemed, together. From that time I met Lady Lulworth very often. At times she would say to me—

"Dear little Gabriel, to-morrow morning I shall cross the deer-path. About noon take your walk that way, and I shall see you."

She never met me without giving me something that she thought I should like. My mother knew all about our meetings; but the only thing she ever said to me was this—

"Mind, Gabriel—you must never speak to her ladyship when anyone is with her."

Once or twice it happened that I met her when other people were with her; then she merely gave me a wistful look, a piteous entreating glance, as though she would say "I cannot help it, Gabriel; I dare not stop: but I love you just the same;" and the next time she saw me, she would do anything and everything to make up for the apparent neglect.

One morning I was in what was called the Lady's Wood, a quiet lovely spot, where the birds sang more sweetly than in any part of the grounds. I had been sitting under the tree for an hour or so listening to the feathered choir. Child though I was, I knew the name of most of the birds: all the keepers were kind to me and took pleasure in teaching me. In the wood there was a number of blackcaps: and the song of the blackcap is such a perfect imitation of that of the nightingale that at times I was puzzled as to which bird was singing. On this morning a blackcap was singing to such perfection that I listened entranced.

I was aroused by a touch on my arm, and looking up, I saw Lady Lulworth's beautiful face.

"Gabriel," said Lady Lulworth, "what are you dreaming about? I have been sitting there under the larches watching you for the last hour. It is so strange to see a child sitting still for so long a time wrapt in thought. Tell me all that you have been thinking, Gabriel."

I always felt perfectly at home with her ladyship; although children are usually reserved with strangers, my heart opened to her.

"I have not been thinking," I replied. "I was listening to the birds."

"The birds?" she repeated. "Do they sing very sweetly here?"

I nodded wisely.

"The blackcap has been singing this morning all that he heard the nightingale sing last night," I said.

"How do you know, Gabriel?" she asked with a smile.

"Because I know what they have both been singing about," I replied.

"What was it?" she asked.

"The birds talk," I said, quickly; "but their words are all music."

"And what do they talk about, Gabriel?"

I was quite proud of all the information I had to give.

"They sing about the blue sky and the golden sun. The birds love the sun. It makes all the difference in their lives whether it shines or not. I have many of the songs written down that I have heard them sing. I will show them to you my lady. And there is one that my mother thinks very pretty—'What the blackbird sang on the blackthorn.'"

"Did you write it, Gabriel?" she asked.

"Yes, after I heard the bird sing it," I answered, wondering why she looked so grave and sad. "Yes, I wrote it all. My mother taught me to write."

"Your mother?" she repeated, with a deep sigh; and then she added, more blithely, "Will you come back through the woods with me, Gabriel?"

I was only too pleased, and I walked by her side, clinging to her hand and prattling gayly enough of all that was in my mind. Presently I saw a tall, stately gentleman coming toward us. Why did her ladyship's face change so? A crimson glow came over it. Child as I was, I wondered why she blushed and hesitated.

"Gabriel," she said, "do you see that tall gentleman coming toward us? That is Lord Lulworth, my husband. Come and speak to him."

The crimson glow had quite faded when we reached the gentleman. He glanced at me in some surprise.

"Who is this, Hilary?" he asked taking my hand. "Have you found this little man in the woods?"

"No," she replied. "Do you remember Jane Holmes's little boy?"

But her voice, as she said the words, had

had the strangest of tones. Then she told him all that I had been saying to her about the birds.

"I should like to see the little fellow's verses," she added; and Lord Lulworth told me to call at the Hall in the course of the week and bring my songs with me.

The day came when I was to go up to the Hall with my verses for her ladyship to read. I see myself now as I was then, a boy about eight years old, clad in black velveteen and white lace. People often told my mother that she dressed me far above my station; and I know now where my pretty clothes came from. At that time it vexed me that my mother would not cut my hair. To me it seemed foolish that I should have long golden curls like a girl's.

"Do cut my hair, mother," I said to her once. "The boys laugh at me, and I do not like it."

"My lady likes these curls, Gabriel;" was her reply. And after that I could say nothing. If it was her ladyship's wish, that was enough for me.

So I started off on what was the first real adventure of my life, with a little packet of papers under my arms and my heart full of hope.

What a great place the Hall seemed to me! I thought no palace could be finer or greater.

I felt a little frightened when a tall footman appeared in answer to my summons.

"I have to see her ladyship," I told him. "Lord Lulworth has bidden me come." And he took me into a magnificently-furnished room.

I was half afraid to sit down on the beautiful chairs, and I selected the least elegant one I could find. After a time her ladyship appeared.

"So you have come, Gabriel!" she said sweetly.

She drew near to me and kissed me, and then she took my long curls in her hand and caressed them.

"This is my home, Gabriel," she said next. "Do you like it?"

"Yes", I answered, "I should like any home that is yours."

"Do you love me so much then, Gabriel" she asked, smiling.

"Yes very much, my lady—so much that I could not love you any more."

"Why do you love me?" she inquired.

"Because," I answered; "you are always kind to me. There is no one who loves me so much—not even my mother."

She shrank back from me with a little cry, and a shudder, but quickly recovered herself.

"Not even your mother, Gabriel?" and she sighed.

"No," I said, stoutly, "not even my mother—no one but you. And then you are beautiful, and you live in a big house."

She laughed outright.

"Those are indeed sensible reasons for loving me," she returned; and, in a low voice she sang:

"I love my love because
My love loves me."

Presently she asked me for the songs I had written. I gave them to her, and she read them with a smile; but I saw tears in her eyes more than once.

"Gabriel," she said, gravely, "are you quite sure that you wrote all these yourself. Did no one help you.

"No, no one," I told her.

"You have not copied the words from any book, or heard any one singing them?"

"No, your ladyship, they are just as I had them fresh from the birds," I answered.

"But who has taught you—a child like you—all these things?"

"No one," I replied, gathering courage as the questioning went on. "No one has ever taught me anything about it. It is only what I thought."

She held my face between her hands and looked at me earnestly.

"My little Gabriel, I believe you are a genius."

"A genius?" I repeated, for I had not the faintest notion what the words meant.

"A genius, Gabriel. Heaven keep you from the common fate of genius—which is to suffer, little one! If you live you will perhaps make a great name. I shall read your verses to the earl."

She rang and sent for Lord Lulworth; "I have sent for you to hear these verses. I have read that at seven years of age the little Mozart could not only play the most difficult music at sight, but he composed the most charming melodies. But for that I could not believe that this child has written these pieces himself. Listen to this one—'What the Blackbird Sang on the Blackthorn.'"

She read it, and oh, how her sweet voice clothed my poor verse? -I scarcely knew it; and the tears came into my eyes. Could it be possible that I had written such lines? She laid down the song and looked at Lord Lulworth with a tender smile.

"Godfrey, this child is a genius! A genius I repeat! He is a born poet."

"Yes," replied the earl, "there can be little doubt of that. How pleased you are, Hilary!"

A sudden constraint came over her, and she took her eyes from me.

"I feel like one who has discovered a very rare and precious stone," she said. "Did you ever—for a child—hear anything more beautiful than these lines?"

"They are certainly full of feeling," answered the earl; thoughtfully, and then he added. "Has Jane Holmes any means? I notice that she dresses the child very nicely."

"She had some money left for him, I think—enough, I believe, to keep and educate him."

"You seem interested in the little boy," continued the earl; "would you like me to undertake his education?"

She was silent for a few minutes, and then she said:

"That must be as you choose. It would be very kind of you but——"

"But what, Hilary?"

"It seems too kind of you, Godfrey. I think Jane Holmes has some means. You need not do all."

"She would not have enough. The little fellow seems to be deserving of a first class education. Let him go to Rugby and Oxford. Then we will see what your poet will do, Hilary."

She went up to her husband and threw her arms around his neck. He seemed very pleased and flattered, and I saw how much he loved her.

"You are too kind—too good, Godfrey," she said. "But you must think twice before you do this. If you give him a first class education he will not like to go back to the south lodge." She spoke quite calmly; but some instinct told me that her heart was throbbing with emotion and suspense. "A great many things have to be considered," she added. "He would want friends moving in the better circles."

"He would be all right," said the earl. "Of course he could not spend all his vacations at the south lodge; but he could travel, and he could visit us sometimes, and as soon as he is old enough, I will get him one of those appointments that are always to be obtained by men like myself."

"And would you do this, Godfrey?" she asked. "Would you really? How good you are?"

"I would do anything to please you, Hilary. We have no children of our own; but, if this boy pleases you, I shall be only too happy to interest myself in his welfare. Why, Hilary, my dear, you have tears in your eyes!"

"It is because you are so good," she answered. "I have never met a man like you."

"And never will, I hope," he said, "for my own sake; you might like him as much as you like me."

"That could never be," replied her ladyship; "but I am most grateful to you, Godfrey. Jane was a faithful servant of ours, and in helping her you please me. How delighted she will be! I must go to-morrow and tell her of your intentions regarding the child."

"I am glad, my darling, that I have pleased you," said the earl, "I live only to make you happy; and, if showing kindness to that child pleases you, I will be kind enough to the little man."

Yet, young as I was, I felt that her love and kindness were not lavished on me because I was the child of a faithful servant; some strange instinct told me that there was quite another reason.

The earl spoke kindly to me, and told me to work hard at my lessons for another year and that then I should go to school.

"Do not write any more poetry, Gabriel," he added. "You must study prose now." Then he turned to her ladyship and said, "I wonder why they gave him the name 'Gabriel.' It is a beautiful one, but it is rather quaint."

A quiver of pain passed over her ladyship's lovely face.

"I think the name suits," she said.

Then the earl remarked in a low tone.

"What a strangely beautiful face the child has—how delicate, spiritual, and refined! Yet, do you know, there is something in it—an expression—that reminds me of some face I have seen."

Another quiver passed over her ladyship's face; and I knew her thoughts were sad at once.

"Do you think so, Godfrey?" she said, slowly, looking at me earnestly.

"He must belong to a superior family," continued the earl. "Who are these Holmes?"

I saw her ladyship's face turn crimson, and she bent down so as to hide it: but she made no answer.

"Who are they, Hilary?" asked the earl. "From what town or county do they come?"

"I am not sure that I remember," she replied. "My aunt always seemed to think them to be very respectable people."

"I am glad to hear that," said the earl. "By the way did you say the child's father was living! I have forgotten."

"No," she answered with faltering lips; "he is dead."

"If he had been living, I should have had to obtain his consent before doing anything for the child. He has no relatives living then but Jane Holmes?"

She looked at me as she answered.

"I have not heard Jane speak of any. You may be sure that the proposed arrangement will be all right. There can be no question that Jane will be happy and delighted."

Then the earl went away and I was once more left alone with Lady Lulworth.

A year afterward I went one morning up to the great house. I was growing accustomed to its grandeur now, and felt perfectly at home in the rooms where once I had been bewildered and overawed. Oh, how I loved Lady Lulworth! There were times when the very rustle of her dress or the sound of her voice made me tremble. My whole heart and soul belonged to her; I worshipped her. It was my delight and pride to be with her.

On this bright morning—it was a sunny day in July—her ladyship sent for me, saying that she had some books from London—children's books—that she would like to show me.

"In fact, Gabriel, some of them are for you," she told me. "I ordered a boxful for Lady May. You shall have those that you like."

I never felt any fear in the presence of her ladyship; I always said to her just what came into my mind; and now I asked quickly:

"Who is Lady May?"

It was a simple question. How was I to know that it would affect my whole life?

"Lady May Flemyng is Lord Lulworth's ward," she replied. "She spends all her holidays with us, and will live with us when she leaves school."

"I wish I were Lady May," I said with a deep sigh; and her ladyship turned to me with a painful look on her face.

"Oh, Gabriel, why do you say that! Are you not happy, my dear?"

"Yes—very happy," was the reply.

"Would you like so much to live in a large house?" she asked.

"Not unless you were in it, your ladyship."

"I understand," she said, laughing. "You wish to be Lady May because she will live with me, and not because she will live in a large house?"

"I have never thought of the house," I responded.

Then she told me that some very lovely roses were growing on the south terrace, and that I might gather a few and take them home to my mother. I went; and there beheld, seated in majestic fashion, with a doll on her knee, a beautiful fairy-like child. I saw her first in the July sunlight in the midst of lovely flowers; I have seen her since in every way in which a fair woman looks fairest; but I shall never forget the first glimpse I had of her seated in the little wicker-work chair with the doll on her knee. She looked at me with a proud frank smile.

"Well," she said, somewhat imperiously, "who are you?"

"I am Gabriel Holmes," I replied.

"Gabriel? Why, that is a girl's name!"

I felt bound to defend my name, and said:

"No; it is the name of an archangel."

"An archangel?" repeated the young lady. "I did not know," she added, scornfully, "that boys were named after archangels."

"I know a boy named 'Raphael' and one named 'Michael,'" I said, stoutly.

"I know many such," she returned; "but 'Gabriel'! I am not sure whether I like the name."

"I hope you will like it," I said trying to be very polite to this haughty little lady.

"I am not sure that I shall; but I will think it over. Where do you come from, Gabriel?"

"Lady Lulworth sent me here," I replied.

"Did she? But I mean where do you live?"

"I live at the south lodge."

"At the south lodge!" she repeated, with just the faintest tinge of scorn in her voice. "Do you mean that you live there altogether?"

"Yes," I replied; for I saw no reason to feel ashamed of my beautiful home.

"Then you are Jane Holmes's little boy?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Is she your mother?" asked my young questioner.

"You do not look much like her," said the little lady; and for the moment I was not sorry to hear it. "Come nearer," she added. "Have you ever seen a doll like this? It comes from Paris. It can stand and kneel and hold up its arms. See—I can make it fold its hands! Would you like to hold it?"

I said "No."

I did not care to touch a doll.

"I suppose you think no boys ever touch dolls? I have known some to be very fond of them. I have seen a great deal, I can tell you," she went on. "I am eight years old, and I have been at school ever since I was six."

She nodded her head and looked at me as though she would say "There—what do you think of that?"

I was surprised and overwhelmed, as well I might be.

"At our school," added the fairy, "we see a great deal of life."

She had doubtless caught the phrase from some older girl and intended to annihilate me with it.

I almost gasped for breath; the notion of seeing a great deal of life was too much for me.

"Will you come and play with me sometimes?" she said. "I wish you'd ask Lady Lulworth."

"You ask her," I suggested.

"Well, I will do so. We will both go and ask her now."

I shall never forget the dignity with which the beautiful little creature, holding the doll carefully in her arms, walked into the house.

"Follow me, Gabriel Holmes," she said; and I followed meekly.

We went into the morning-room, and Lady Lulworth looked up with a start of surprise.

"Lady May and little Gabriel?" she exclaimed.

My protectress advanced boldly.

"Lady Lulworth," she said, "I am always very lonely when I am at Langton Wolde. You are all grown up here, and there is not a child in the house. May Gabriel Holmes come and play with me sometimes?"

Her ladyship appeared to be puzzled for a time; then her answer came very gently:

"I must ask the Earl, my dear, before I say 'Yes.'"

It happened that just at that moment the Earl came in.

He seemed astonished to see us together.

Lady May went up to him and repeated the question.

He laughed and said "Yes."

"You are quite sure, Godfrey, that it is wise?" interrogated Lady Lulworth.

"Yes—certainly! There is no necessity to be nervous. They are so young, and they will soon so be parted, that no harm can come of it, Hilary."

Her ladyship made no further objection, and the Earl's ward and I often played together after that.

I remember that some days afterward Lady May told me that visitors had arrived at the Hall; one, she said, was Lady Lulworth's aunt—Lady Kilmore.

On that same day, as I was obeying some behest of the little lady, who did not scruple to make me her veriest slave, Lady Lulworth came into the garden where we were.

It was a quiet retired part of the grounds where we ran races and otherwise amused ourselves.

With her ladyship was a tall, stately handsome woman, richly dressed, and very grand in her manner.

They sat down together, and her ladyship talked eagerly to her in a low voice, tears at intervals running down her cheeks. Three or four times the stranger said:

"It is a great risk, Hilary."

"But why, auntie? I cannot see it," Lady Lulworth answered.

After a while they called me.

Lady Lulworth parted the hair from my brow, and said:

"This, Lady Kilmore, is little Gabriel."

Thereupon Lady Kilmore began to weep bitterly.

I could not resist the impulse to raise my hands to her face and say:

"Don't cry, Lady!"

She took me in her arms, and I sat upon her knee while she talked to me.

She asked me countless questions; and, while she was talking, Lady Lulworth went away with my little companion, ostensibly to gather flowers, but, as I know now, really to give Lady Kilmore time to talk to me.

What questions she asked me—and all about Lady Lulworth! Did I come there often? Was she kind to me?

But my heart did not open to her as it had opened to Lady Lulworth. I answered in monosyllables; and I noticed one thing. There had been a look of distress on her face when she first began to talk to me, but it faded after a time? What I said to her evidently pleased and relieved her.

When she was quite satisfied as to the relations between Lady Lulworth and myself she questioned me about my ability and what I liked.

It seemed natural to answer those questions in all frankness; and she, as others had done before her, raised her eyes and hands.

"Gabriel," she cried, "you are a poet born."

I began to think that it was a great thing to be a poet.

Then Lady Kilmore told me that if I continued to be a good boy, loved my mother, studied hard, and tried to be content, she would bring me a very nice present when next she came to Langton Wolde.

"Let it be books," I begged—"I care for nothing but books."

"They tell me," she said, "that the Earl is going to send you to school. It is very good of him, and you must try to learn as much as you can. You must always be grateful to him for it."

I told her that I should be; and then Lady Lulworth came up.

"You have had quite a long conversation with Gabriel, auntie. You may run away now, my dear. Lady May has a pretty little boat and she wants you to sail it for her."

But she had not patience to wait until I was gone.

She renewed her conversation at once.

"You see that it is all safe, auntie. I have been more prudent than you thought."

"It is safe so far, Hilary. But, I repeat, you must be cautious."

"I intend to be," replied Lady Lulworth.

The two kissed each other, and then her ladyship said, eagerly:

"What do you think of him, auntie?"

"Very handsome, and quite a genius, Hilary, but sensitive and tender-hearted—a difficult character, you will find."

"Yes, but a beautiful one," said Lady Lulworth.

"Yes, granted a beautiful one;" and then, as the distance between us increased, I heard less of what they had to say.

In some vague way I knew that it was of me they were speaking; and, child as I was, I wondered why such great ladies were interested in me.

Lady Kilmore came again and again before I left Langton Wolde, always with some nice present for me.

It was she who gave me a watch, instruments for drawing, and almost all my much-prized library.

She told the earl that she, too, had taken a great fancy to me, and said that I must spend some of my holidays with her.

The rest of that time was all a blissful dream to me.

Lady May was to go to Germany to complete her education—it was the earl's idea—he approved of the German system of instruction; it was decided that when her holidays came he and Lady Lulworth would go to her and travel with her, instead of bringing her to England.

I remember hearing all these things discussed before I went to school, and I knew, when I looked into the face of my bonnie little lady, that I was saying adieu to her for a long time. I was just ten years old when the earl kept his promise and sent me to Rugby.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BUSTLE is not mockery any more than impudence is courage.

WHETHER OR NOT.

BY I. D. K.

O, sweet are the scents and the songs of spring,
And brave are the summer flowers;
And chill are the autumn winds, that bring
The winter's lingering hours.
And the world goes round and round,
And the sun sinks into the sea;
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
The world cares little for me.

O life, why art thou so bright and keen!
O breath, why art thou so sweet!
O friends, how can ye forget so soon
The loved ones who lie at your feet!
But the world goes round and round,
And the sun drops into the sea,
And whether I'm on or under ground,
The world cares little for me.

The ways of men are busy and bright;
The eye of woman is kind;
It is sweet for the eyes to behold the light,
But the dying and dead are blind.
And the world goes round and round,
And the sun falls into the sea,
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
The world cares little for me.

But if life awake, and will never cease
On the future's distant shores,
And the rose of love and the lily of peace
Shall bloom there forevermore,
Let the world go round and round,
And the sun sink into the sea!
For whether I'm on or under the ground,
Oh, what will it matter to me!

The Treacherous Dervis.

AN EASTERN TALE.

FADLALLAH, a prince of great virtues, succeeded his father, Bin-Ortoc, in the kingdom of Mousel. He reigned over his faithful subjects for some time, and lived in great happiness with the beauteous consort, Queen Zemroude, when there appeared at his court a young dervis with so lively and entertaining a turn of wit that it won the affections of everyone he conversed with.

His reputation grew so fast that it at last raised a curiosity in the Prince himself to see and talk with him. And far from finding that common fame had flattered him, he was convinced that everything he had heard of him fell short of the truth.

Fadlallah immediately lost all manner of relish for the conversation of other men, and as he was every day more and more satisfied of the abilities of this stranger, offered him the first posts in his kingdom. The young dervis, having thanked him with a singular modesty, desired to be excused, as having made a vow never to accept of any employment, and preferring a free and independent state of life to all other conditions.

The King was infinitely charmed with so great an example of moderation, and not able to get him to engage in a life of business, made him his chief companion and first favorite.

As they were one day hunting together, and happened to be separated from the rest of the company, the dervis entertained Fadlallah with an account of his travels and adventures.

After having related to him several curiosities which he had seen in the Indies, "It was in this place," said he, "that I contracted an acquaintance with an old Brahmin, who was skilled in the most hidden powers of nature.

"He died within my arms, and with his parting breath communicated to me one of the most valuable secrets, on condition I should never reveal it."

The King, immediately reflecting on his young favorite's having refused the late offers of greatness he had made him, told he presumed it was the power of making gold.

"No, sir," said the dervis; "it is somewhat more wonderful than that. It is the power of reanimating a dead body by flinging my own soul into it."

While he was yet speaking a doe came bounding by them, and the king, who had his bow ready, shot her through the heart, telling the dervis that a fair opportunity now offered to show his art.

The dervis immediately left his own body breathless on the ground, while at the same infant that of the doe was reanimated.

She came to the King, fawned upon him, and having played several tricks, fell again upon the grass. At the same instant the body of the dervis recovered life.

The King was infinitely pleased at so uncommon an operation, and conjured his friend by everything that was sacred to communicate it to him.

The dervis at first made some scruple of violating his promise to the dying Brahmin but told him at last that he found he could conceal nothing from so excellent a prince.

After having obliged him, therefore, to an oath of secrecy, he taught him to repeat two cabalistic words, in pronouncing which the whole secret consisted.

The King, impatient to try the experiment, immediately repeated them as he had been taught, and in an instant found himself in the body of the doe.

He had but a little time to contemplate himself in this new being; for the treacherous dervis, shooting his own soul into the royal body, and bending the Prince's own bow against him, had laid him dead on the spot, had not the hind, who perceived his intent, fled swiftly to the woods.

The dervis, now triumphant in his claim, returned to Mousel, and filled the throne of the unhappy Fadlallah.

The first thing he took care of, in order to secure himself in the possession of his newly-acquired kingdom, was to procure a proclamation ordering his subjects to destroy all the deer in his realm.

The King had perished among the rest had he not avoided his pursuers by reanimating the body of a nightingale which he saw lying dead at the foot of a tree.

He winged his way in safety to the palace, where, perching on a tree which stood near his Queen's apartment, he filled the whole place with melodious and melancholy notes, which drew her to the window.

He continued to serenade her every day, until, at last, the Queen, charmed with his harmony, sent for the bird-catchers, and ordered them to employ their utmost skill to put that little creature in her possession.

The King, pleased with the opportunity of being once more near his beloved consort, easily suffered himself to be taken; and when he was presented to her, though he showed a fearfulness to be touched by any of the other ladies, flew of his own accord, and hid himself in the Queen's bosom.

Zemroude was highly pleased at the unexpected fondness of her new favorite, and ordered him to be kept in an open cage in her own apartment.

He had there an opportunity of making his court to her every morning by a thousand little actions, which his simple allowed him.

The Queen passed whole hours every day in hearing and playing with him.

Fadlallah could even have thought himself happy in this state of life, had he not frequently endured the inexpressible torment of seeing the dervis enter the apartment, and caress his Queen even in his presence.

The usurper, amidst his toying with his Princess, would often endeavor to ingratiate himself with the nightingale; and while the enraged Fadlallah pecked at him with his bill, beat his wings, and showed all the marks of an impotent rage, it only afforded his rival and the Queen new matter for their diversion.

Zemroude was likewise fond of a little lap-dog which she kept in her apartment, and which one night happened to die.

The King immediately found himself inclined to quit the shape of the nightingale and enliven this new body.

He did so, and the next morning Zemroude saw her favorite bird dead in the cage.

It is impossible to express her grief on this occasion; and when she called to mind all its little actions, which even appeared to have somewhat in them like reason, she was inconsolable for her loss.

Her women immediately sent for the dervis to come and comfort her.

"Well, madam," said he, I will exert the utmost of my heart to please you. Your nightingale shall again revive every morning, and serenade you as before."

She beheld, with a look which easily showed she did not believe him, when laying himself down on the sofa, he shot his soul into the nightingale, and Zemroude was amazed to see her bird revive.

The king, who was a spectator of all that passed, under the shape of a lap dog in one corner of the room, immediately recovered his own body, and running to the cage with the utmost indignation, twisted off the neck of his false nightingale.

Zemroude was more than ever amazed and concerned at this second accident, until the King, entreating her to hear him, related to her his whole adventure.

The body of the dervis, which was found dead in the woods, and his edict for killing all the deer, left her no room to doubt the truth of it.

But no arguments, even from Fadlallah himself, could compose her mind, and she shortly after died with grief.

The king was so afflicted with her death that he left his kingdom to one of his nearest relatives, and passed the rest of his days in solitude and retirement.

WEDDING COSTUMES.—The wedding-costumes in a French provincial wedding were wonderful to behold. The groom was wealthy. His sleeved waistcoat was of no common cloth, but of rich blue velvet, curiously embroidered, his sash of blue silk, and his hat bound with a broad silver ribbon. The unity of his costume was somewhat marred by black cloth trousers and a pair of kid boots of Parisian make. But if the groom was a splendid sight, what shall I say of the bride? Her dress was georgeous. She literally blazed with gold and silver laces and ribbons, spangles of all colors and silk embroidery. Her apron was a plum-colored silk, brocaded with great flowers of green and yellow. Nor was she alone in her magnificence; many of the guests were as brilliant as she. Two young ladies from a neighboring town wore silver-gray brocade aprons, black dresses trimmed with black velvet, the open bodice filled in front with pink silk, covered in the one case with roses, in the other with little ostrich-feathers.

THE GLOBE'S ROTUNDITY.—A writer in a prominent Jewish paper points out that contrary to the recieved idea, the elder Rabbins of the Talmud taught that the world was round. This is shown by a passage in which, in discussing idolatry, the figures holding in the hand a baton, a bird, or a globe were prohibited, because the baton symbolizes the dominion of the world the bird that the world lies beneath it, and the globe is forbidden because it resembles the form of the world itself.

THE BRIDE'S GIFT.—In Sweden the bride has her pocket filled with bread. It is supposed that every piece that she gives to the poor on her way to church averts some misfortune.

A MARRIED MAN'S GROWL.

I MET a married friend who had been out for a day's holiday last Saturday with his wife and children. Asking him how he enjoyed himself I was astonished at the volubility with which he denied having been pleased. Pressed for his reasons he broke out as follows:—

Because I was awakened a good three hours before my usual time by the children reminding me of my promise to take them a trip if it was fine.

Because our hired girl went to see her great grandfather the day before, and I had most of her work to do before we started.

Because I had to nurse and amuse the baby while my wife was dressing.

Because she took just one hour to make her toilet, and, when I growled told me she never knew a more awkward man in her life than myself.

Because the baby cried for three hours, and I had to carry it round two-thirds of the time.

Because my wife insisted on going by rail into the country instead of by boat.

Because the beast, Brown, who courted my wife before I married her, drove past in an elegant buggy with a high-stepping horse and his girl with him.

Because my wife told me Brown had some idea how a lady should be treated, but some people had none, meaning me.

Because the conductor insisted upon two of the children paying full fare and threatening to put them off the train if I didn't fork out.

Because my wife caught me giving Jones, who was on the train, his flask back.

Because I couldn't see any fun in carrying the baby through a strange village and hearing the natives make rude remarks.

Because whenever I wanted a drink my wife wanted a lemonade, and would accompany me to get it.

Because when my wife suggested dinner at the hotel and I demurred on the score of expense, she said I was always stingy when I was along with her, and began to cry.

Because when I gave way and ordered it, my wife said she wouldn't eat it then, as I was so cross and unkind.

Because the second child, Maria, took cramps in her stomach, and I had to spend fifty cents in a drug store for some cordial.

Because a friend we met invited me to get away for an hour and meet him at a store in the village, but my wife caught me every time I attempted it and said "it was just like me."

Because whenever I lighted my pipe I was sarcastically reminded by my wife that it "looked so gentlemanly to smoke a pipe in a lady's company."

Because, after running a mile to catch the train coming home, we found all the seats full, and I had to stand the whole way.

Because after all my worry and expense, the wife of my bosom coolly asserted on our reaching home, she was sorry we ever went, and it would have been much better had we stopped at home.

And, the gentleman added, no more holiday excursions for me, if I know it.

T. T.

SILK AND SATIN.—The discovery of silk is attributed to one of the wives of an emperor of China, who reigned about two thousand years before the Christian era; and since that time a special spot has been alloted in the gardens of the Chinese royal palace to the cultivation of the mulberry tree—called in Chinese the "golden tree"—and to the keeping of silk-worms. The first silk dress in history was made, not for a sovereign nor for a pretty woman, but for a monster in human shape, Hellogabalus, an Emperor of Rome. Persian monks, who came to Constantinople, revealed to the Emperor Justinian the secret of the production of silk, and gave him some silk-worms. From Greece the art passed into Italy at the end of the thirteenth century. When the popes left Rome to settle in France, they introduced into that country the secret which had been kept by the Italians; and Louis XI. established at Tours a manufactory of silk fabrics. Francis I. founded the Lyons silk works, which to this day have kept the first rank. Henry II., of France, wore the first pair of silk hose ever made, at the wedding of his sister. The word "satin," which in the original was applied to all silk stuffs in general, has since the last century been used to designate only tissues which present a lustrous surface. The discovery of this particularly brilliant stuff was accidental. A silk weaver, finding business dull, and not knowing what to invent to give a new impulse to the trade, was one day pacing to and fro before his loom. Every time he passed the machine, with no definite object in view, he pulled little threads from the warp and put them to his mouth which soon after he spat out. Later on, he found the little ball of silk on the floor of his workshop, and was attracted by the brilliant appearance of the threads. He repeated the experiment, and by using certain mucilaginous preparations succeeded in giving satin to the world.

THE MORMAN WIFE.—A Morman woman has been telling a reporter that when Mormon women are getting married a white headdress with a flowing cape is worn. During the ceremony this cape is over the bride's face until the groom lifts it. When the wife dies she is buried with this cape on her head, and when she is laid in her coffin the cape is thrown over her face. The teaching of the Mormon leaders is that she cannot be resurrected until the husband raises this cape from her face, that if he is satisfied that she has been a faithful and obedient wife he will raise this veil and she may be resurrected.

Bric-a-Brac.

HUNTING SUPERSTITIONS.—Skulls of brown bears, nailed to the trees by the Indians, in compliance with some native superstitions, are often found by Canadian camping parties in the woods, and the tribes of Northern Siberia never kill a polar bear without extracting its two largest teeth, which in their belief, is the only safeguard against its coming to life.

MARRIAGE OMEN.—At Midsummer Eve, the 21st of June, according to a custom common over Germany, every young girl plucks a sprig of St. John's wort, and sticks it into the wall of her chamber. Should it, owing to the dampness of the wall, retain its freshness and verdure, she may reckon upon gaining a suitor in the course of a year, but, should it droop, the popular belief is, that she is also destined to pine and wither away.

CHAIN OF BEING.—Bitumen and sulphur form the line between the earth and metals; vitriols unite metals with salts; the amiun this and litophites form a tie between stones and plants; then polypus unites plants to insects; the tube-worm seems to lead to shells and reptiles; the water-serpent and the eel form a passage from reptiles to fish; the anas, a kind of flying-fish, are a medium between fishes and birds; the bat and the flying squirrel link birds to quadrupeds, and the monkey gives one hand to the quadruped and the other to man.

METEORIC STONES.—The most famous meteoric stone mentioned in the ancient records is that which fell in Thrace, about the year in which Socrates was born. It is described by Plutarch, and also by the elder Pliny, who says that it was to be seen in his time, that is, about 600 years afterwards; that it was of a burned color, and that its fall was accompanied by a meteor. It has been described as of the size of two millstones, and equal in weight to a full wagon-load. In Galatia, the mother of the gods was worshipped under the form of stone which was said to have fallen from heaven.

LUNACY IN EGYPT.—Ancient Egypt had a high civilization, and it exhibited itself in the wisdom with which the insane were treated. At each extremity of Egypt was built a temple to Saturn, where lunatics of various degrees were brought by their friends. The temples were surrounded by beautiful shady grounds, and patients were provided with every form of recreation that could occupy the mind and invigorate the body. Here, also, the finest works of art were brought. Music, wine, employment, fixing the attention and exercising the memory were the principal remedies used, and none but the most violent maniacs were put under any personal restraint.

ROMAN NAMES.—The Romans, like ourselves, had many names of homely and whimsical meaning. Their Plauti, Pandi, Vari, Scaurl, and Tuditani, would have been with us, the Splay-foots, the Bandy-legs, the In-knees, the Club-foots, and the Hammerheads. The illustrious Fabii derived their names from being excellent cultivators of beans. The scarcely less illustrious Pisones were so called in consequence of being excellent cultivators of peas. The name which Cæsar rendered so famous, arose from one of the family being born with a good head of hair. Horace's cognomen of Flaccus signifies flap-eared.

A THIEF'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS.—When a Bhattee, of India, is about three years of age, the education is commenced by his being compelled to walk or run a given distance daily, and as he advances in years, the exercise is increased. He must acquire the art of bleating like a sheep, barking like a dog, crowing like a cock, braying like an ass, and in like manner of imitating all kinds of animals. He must be able to throw himself on any occasion which may require into every kind of attitude, to crawl along or lie flat as possible on the ground, to run like a dog, to stand on his head, with his legs extended widely, so as to appear in the dusk like the roots of a tree, etc. When he has accomplished this he is permitted to make his first theft.

FISH AND THE GREEKS.—Fish was a favorite diet among the Greeks, the tunny being probably coarser food, as the eel was one of the more costly and delicate, especially when stewed and smothered in beet-root. Many kinds of shell-fish were in use, oysters being, as with the Romans, especial favorites. The cuttle-fish and the sea urchin do not seem to us tempting food; small cray-fish, several kinds of crabs, prawns, mussels and whelks are often mentioned. In truth, the anecdotes about the fish market are endless. "It is a nice thing," says one, "to see a well-stored fish shop when you have money in your pocket—not otherwise. There was a poor fellow with just four coppers, who first looked at the crabs, eels and tunnies, asked the price of each, and then—went off to the sprats."

CARDS IN RUSSIA.—During the bitterly cold evenings of winter, when out-door exercise is out of the question, the Russians rely greatly upon cards for amusement. They play a great deal and they play high. Whist, with some modifications in the counting, baccarat, and a game they call "quinze," something like "Boston," are their principal games. The great American game of poker is unknown among them, but its attractions are just beginning to be appreciated. Cards are a monoply in Russia, and their importation is strictly prohibited. The profits on their sale go to the support of the Foundling Hospital, and it is magnificently supported. Any infant can be brought there, and no questions are asked as regards the mother or child, and no payment is necessary. It is said to be the only place in Russia where no passport is required.

OVER THE SEA.

BY H. C.

I cannot hear thee, for the winds are moaning;
I cannot hear thee, for the waves are high;
I cannot hear thee, for the good ship, groaning
Seaward doth fly.

And yet my fond heart listens to thy singing.
And yet methinks I clasp thee once again;
I hear thy voice, as if I were not winging
Across the main.

So be it ever! If the world torment me,
Happy in thee, and in the past I'll rest;
To sleep upon thy memory will content me,
As 'twere thy breast.

A Life Lesson.

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS.

IT was Grace Egerton's wedding-day, and she stood fully dressed before her mirror, taking one last look, with a little pardonable vanity, at the pretty figure reflected there.

In another hour she should be Mrs. Ernest Redgrave. How hard it was to realize?

She was a vain and rather frivolous girl. But deep down in the depths of the little worldly heart was a well of true love for Ernest. If she had to give up all this outside show, she would have been quite content to have gone off all alone with him, and proved how true a wife she could be; but there was no occasion for this, and perhaps Grace herself hardly knew how wholly she loved him. She was a spoiled petted child, and that any solemn duties were entailed in the estate upon which she was just entering, she did not pause to think.

For four weeks she and Ernest travelled; then they came home to their own beautiful home—her father's wedding gift to her. Here a round of festivities awaited them, so that the young couple for three months had no single evening to themselves.

"I am tired, Grace. Let us stay at home to-night, darling," said Ernest one evening after dinner, as Grace was about to leave him to make her toilet for some party.

"Absurd, Ernest! You're not growing old already, surely! Besides, I promised Mrs. Blessington we would come, and I cannot disappoint her."

"I don't like Mrs. Blessington. I wish you were not so intimate with her; and really my head aches to-night. Stay at home like a good little girl."

For a moment Grace wavered. She looked within the liberty, which seemed so warm and inviting. She could fancy Ernest stretched on the sofa, while she sat before him, bathing his forehead with some fragrant cologne, and thought what a sweet cosy evening they might have. Then she remembered something Mrs. Blessington had said about spoiling men, and how easy was to begin, and how selfish they grew.

It was well enough for Ernest to spoil her. That was to be expected; but as to spoiling him—no, indeed! So she ran on up the stairs, calling back over her shoulder as she went.

"Come, Ernest; we've no time to lose. And as to that horrid prejudice of yours do try and get over it."

There came a temptation to the man—a temptation to carry out his own manly will; but a softer, tenderer feeling swept over him as a mental vision of the pretty laughing face passed before him; and half an hour later he stood in full-dress waiting the advent of the beautiful girl, who, all unconsciously to them both, was steering her frail vessel on to the quicksands of married misery.

A year passed, and Mr. and Mrs. Redgrave were still in the gay vortex of fashionable life, but to the man's spirit it had grown unutterably wearisome.

"I married for a home, Grace," he said one day, in gentle expostulation; "but what do I see of my house?"

"Quite enough to satisfy a reasonable man. Why, I shouldn't want to be alone with you all the time, Ernest. Think how awfully tired we should get of each other."

The thoughtless words stabbed, like a knife, but he made them no reply. Only, that evening, for the first time, Mrs. Redgrave went to some gay assemblage alone. Her husband had refused to accompany her.

"I am tired," he said; "but do not let me detain you. Mrs. Blessington is seen constantly without her husband."

"Because he is a bear," answered Grace, pouting.

Nevertheless she went, and after that it was no uncommon thing for Ernest to spend his evenings with his books and thoughts, while his beautiful young wife went out alone.

"Grace, I wish you to give Mrs. Blessington up," he said to her one evening as they sat at dinner.

"Nonsense, Ernest. I cannot do it if I wished it ever so much."

"But you must do it. I will not have you go to that woman's house again."

"But, Ernest, I have already accepted an invitation to a dinner-party there for Thursday evening."

"Then write and decline. I do not ask you this without good cause, little girl; but things have recently come to my hearing regarding this lady, and I do not wish my wife's name coupled with hers."

Grace made no reply, but in her own heart her decision was unaltered. Begin to yield to a man's whims, and where should she end? Of course she should go. She had been married more than a year now, and, so far, had always had her own sweet will and way.

This time the latter was unexpectedly made easy to her; for, as Ernest kissed her good-bye on Thursday morning, he said to her:

"I shan't be home to dinner to night, Grace. You had better dine at mother's. By the way, this was Mrs. Blessington's night. You have declined that invitation?"

The first fear she had ever felt of Ernest crept into her heart at a new stern look she saw in his eyes, and it drew her first falsehood to him from her lips.

"Yes," she answered.

He stooped and kissed her more tenderly.

"I'll make it up to you, darling. Believe me, I did not ask it without good cause."

She stood quite still, after he had left her. She was half-tempted yet to obey him; but—pshaw! what nonsense it was!

So, at seven o'clock the carriage stood at her door, and, in a bewitching dinner dress she was driven to the house her husband had forbidden her to enter.

But the dinner dragged—not but that Mrs. Blessington's cook had done himself infinite credit, or that her guests failed in their part

The trouble lay only with Mrs. Redgrave's self.

In vain she strove to rally; compliments pulled on her; the lights tired her.

One thought weighed on heart and brain: Suppose Ernest should be seriously displeased?

Well, what if he were. Mrs. Blessington had told her how she had managed her husband's first displeasure.

"Never yield!" she advised. "Never show that you're sorry; and you'll soon learn not to feel sorry."

So when, at ten o'clock, she bade her hostess good-night, she determined not to show that she felt any regret.

A light in the library told her that her husband was at home.

She hesitated an instant at the door, then went boldly in.

Ernest stood with his back to the fire, his eyes fixed upon her, but not her Ernest.

The sternness had gone from his eyes, but no smile was on his lips.

Over all his face was an expression of withering contempt.

"You have enjoyed your evening, madam," he said. "You had for it the relish of your falsehood this morning."

Oh, how wrong she had been!

She was tempted to go to him, and creep into his arms, and beg him to forgive her, but she remembered Mrs. Blessington's advice.

"Yes," she said. "I had a charming evening; but I am quite sleepy now. Good night! I am going to bed."

She turned to leave the room, but in one stride he was beside her, and held her arm in a grip of steel.

"Coward, you hurt me!" she said in sudden anger.

He dropped her arm then, as though she had stung him.

"You meant that word; you have ceased to love me! Why did you disobey me, Grace?"

"Because I do not propose to be a slave to your caprice—because I have had my own way all my life, and I intend to have it."

"And I say you shall not have it. Choose between Mrs. Blessington and me—between your unworthy friend and your husband—between your own will and your future happiness—on this instant, choose!"

"I have made my choice; I abide by it. When you are more reasonable, I will listen further. Now, good-night!"

He made her no answer. She lingered a moment at the head of the stairs, hoping he would speak again, but all was silent.

Oh, how unhappy she was when she shut and locked her door! Strange as it may seem, she had never loved her husband so well in her life. His pale handsome face haunted her.

"How hateful I was!" she said to herself. "As if I would not give up fifty Mrs. Blessingtons for one Ernest. I will give her up, too, but I'll do it in my own way."

Once she unlocked the door to go down. But no—it would undo all that her firmness had accomplished; so the night passed, to her a sleepless one.

In the early morning a servant brought her a note. It was from her husband, and ran thus—

"At nine o'clock I start for abroad, to be absent six months. During that time, my lawyer will consult you in regard to our separation, and make it as easy for you as possible. I have known for a long time that our tastes were diametrically opposed, that all my sweet hopes of home were wrecked, but not that you could defy and outrage the love which I so freely gave you. Do not think me harsh in leaving you without a good-bye, but I thought it would be less painful to us both.

With tear-blinded eyes she glanced up at the clock. It was just eight. She had one hour in which to act. It was but the work of ten minutes to order the carriage, make a hasty toilet, swallow a cup of coffee, then issue her command to the coachman to drive at any speed, but reach the terminus before the clock struck nine. One hour to undo what might be a life's fatal work!

But Time waits for no man. It was ten minutes less just the hour when the terminus was reached, and already the train was speeding on its way.

With a low cry of agony Grace realized the whole; then the strain relaxed, and the fair young head fell back upon its silken cushions in a dead faint.

"A lady fainted!" was the cry which reached a gentleman giving some directions about the luggage which he had countermanded being put in the mail train.

He turned quickly. There stood his own horses, his own carriage, and within it the lovely face of his unconscious wife.

It was the work of an instant to spring beside her and lift it on his breast, trying to revive her with his passionate kisses. At last the beautiful eyes opened, with wild incredulous recognition.

"Oh, I am dreaming!" she murmured. "Ernest! don't leave me!"

"No, darling—no! At the last moment my heart relented. I thought perhaps I had misjudged you, or that I had been too severe, and I ordered my luggage to be taken out of the train, and let it start without me. My wife, I thought you did not love me—that you had chosen the world; because, my darling, no true woman finds it hard to yield to the man whom she can respect and love; and surely, Grace, you did not find me a tyrant."

But she can only sob out her plea for forgiveness—a plea all too easy to grant; and even tears are sweet when kissed away by love's lips.

But Grace never forgets her lesson. Each year home grows sweeter, more precious, and some of the jostling outside world is shut away; but Grace misses nothing. She has found her world within her husband's heart, and knows that he is well content that she should nestle there.

Into the Net.

BY PERCY VERE.

YOU can do as you please with your wealth for that matter, but I will not be a party to any such transaction."

"And I say you shall, sir," roared my quick-tempered and irascible uncle, hotly. "Things have come to a pretty pass indeed that a young jackanapes like you should presume to set your wishes in defiance to mine. Here I have made all arrangements to have you married to a fortune, and——"

"A homely old maid with corkscrew ringlets."

"Don't dare to interrupt me, sir," cried my uncle, sternly. "I haven't seen the young lady for years, but I'll venture to say she's as good looking as the best of them, and after all beauty is but skin deep. What is more to the purpose, she has a clean fortune of nearly a hundred thousand in her own right."

"And as I have nothing save what your generosity sees fit to give me, I am to sell myself to this old maid, provided she is satisfied with my appearance," I remarked scornfully.

But my uncle was too much absorbed in the success of the scheme upon which he had set his heart to care much for my sarcasm.

"She'll have you fast enough, I guess," responded my uncle, as if satisfied on that point. "The sooner you make up your mind to act sensibly in the matter the better it will be for you. Clara Fenwick's guardian will be here to-night, and I have made arrangements for you to return with him for a short visit. Understand this though, I know better than you what is for your own good in the matter, and I do not intend to be thwarted. You must do as I wish in the matter, or I will cut you off without a shilling."

So saying, my gouty old uncle left me to my own reflections.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish at best.

I was given the alternative of marrying a woman whom I had never laid eyes on, or being left penniless by my respected uncle.

I was thoughtfully considering the matter while seated on the front piazza enjoying a smoke.

I saw a middle-aged gentleman enter the gate and approach the house.

I felt instinctively that this was my uncle's friend, and the guardian of the girl destined as my future companion.

He was shown directly to the latter's presence in the library, and from where I sat I could indistinctly hear their voices, talking in some excitement.

"They are contrary as mules, I heard at length; "but we will fetch 'em to it at last, never fear. I've been giving Charlie a piece of my mind in the matter, and I fancy he will come to his senses before morning. If he don't, not a penny of my money shall he see more."

The harsh tone of his voice grated upon my ears.

I was a proud spirited young man, and this making it appear that I was a dependent upon him galled my pride.

Entering the house, I proceeded to my room, and hurriedly packed my valise.

Leaving a brief note to my uncle, in which I stated that I would return in a week, perhaps, for my personal property, providing I found a situation by that time, I grasped my satchel, and passed out of the house unnoticed.

I arrived at the station just in time for my train, and, taking an unoccupied seat, began planning for the future.

I had been travelling for nearly a half hour, when I was suddenly roused from my reverie by a harsh grating sound and the bumping of our car.

In a moment there was a scene of wild confusion, but it was soon learned that beyond the fright nothing more serious had occurred than our car being thrown from the line, and that we would be compelled to remain where we were until morning, as there were no more trains that night.

On inquiry I learned that we were but a half mile from the little village of Mayfield, and hither I proceeded at once in search of quarters for the night.

I was lucky in finding quarters to my liking in the house of an elderly widow.

I was given to understand that her family consisted only of her son, a youngster of fourteen, and her niece.

I had somehow formed the impression, from her manner, that the latter was a girl in her teens.

What was my surprise, therefore, when, on entering the dining-room, I was confronted by a young lady of twenty, handsome as a picture.

As I stammeringly acknowledged the introduction, I saw from her roguish glance that she had divined the cause of my confusion.

How the meal progressed I am unable to narrate now, but before the close of it I knew that I was helplessly in love with the fair girl before me.

So deep was my infatuation that I made some excuse for cutting short my journey, and allowed the train to proceed without me on the following morning.

Miss Rogers and I rapidly became acquainted.

And before a week had barely elapsed I found the opportunity I sought, and learned that she was not averse to me, although she very prudently required some evidence of my respectability before giving her consent to a formal engagement.

It was but a matter of ordinary prudence, and yet the single suggestion threw me into a quandary.

In the first place, I was sailing under false colors; for fearing the pursuit of my uncle, I had taken the liberty of assuming a new name.

I did not care to go into a detailed statement of this matter of course, and to acknowledge an honest duplicity in the matter of an alias, had an ugly appearance, at the best.

But here an unexpected ally to my course suddenly turned up, in the person of the landlady and aunt of the charming girl I loved.

Having given out that I was a business man in search of employment, she mentioned the fact that the book-keeper of the Granite Mills had been suddenly stricken with apoplexy, and I sought for and obtained the position at a liberal salary.

A month had passed at my new employment, when one day I was suddenly startled by the appearance of my uncle in the counting-house.

It was a surprise to us both; but he put out his hand without a word, and I saw a solitary tear glisten in his eye.

"Just what I expected you'd do, you young rascal!" said he with an air of pride. "However, I think this thing has gone far enough now, and you must come back with me."

"On one condition, uncle," I replied.

"So you are making conditions now, eh? Well, what is it?"

"That I am left free to suit my own inclinations in the matter of marriage."

His reply was certainly a surprise to me.

"Confound your marrying! I'll have no more to do with any such business—and I wish I had never meddled with it!"

"Then I will come back with you," said I, quietly. "However, there's one thing I have to tell you yet. I have fallen in love since I left your house, and the young lady is only awaiting evidence of my entire respectability before consenting to an engagement."

I could see my uncle's countenance change as I made this declaration.

"Well, this beats the Dutch, I must say," he remarked slowly. "Suppose this young lady should happen not to suit my fancy, for I suppose I will see as much of her as yourself, in case you marry?"

"If she does not, I can earn my own living, and——"

"Leave me to dig along in the world myself," said he, interrupting me. Suddenly glancing at his watch, he added, "I have barely time to catch the train, and I have a pressing engagement that must be kept. Bring your fair maiden to see me to-morrow, and I will vouch for your character:" and with these my uncle hurried off.

I congratulated myself on my success thus far, at least. But I knew there was still a slight chance of trouble ahead.

My uncle was a man of decidedly strong likes, and disposed to judge at the first glance.

It was for this reason that I felt nervous as I escorted my lovely companion into the presence of my uncle.

The latter's mood, I must say, perplexed me.

A slight frown rested upon his brow as he acknowledged the introduction and said:

"By the way miss, this young man has imposed upon you by a false name."

I gave my uncle a pleading glance, but he proceeded calmly:

"It is but right that you should know the truth, miss. This young man is Frank Lagrange, my nephew, and therefore of good family."

The young lady's face turned pale, then rosy; and I saw that her mirthfulness was unduly excited, but for what reason I was at a loss to know.

"And as for you Frank," added my uncle "let me say that you have fallen in love with Miss Clara Fenwick, the very lady you fled from the house to avoid. Ha! ha! ha!"

And my uncle lay back in his chair and roared with laughter.

"You ran away from your homes, but your fates pursued you."

At this point Clara's guardian emerged upon the scene and joined in my uncle's hearty laugh.

Clara and I felt sheepish enough at the revelation thus suddenly made, but the utter absurdity of the whole business was too much for Clara's risibilities, and catching the humor of the scene, her clear peals of laughter echoed through the room.

And thus it was that my uncle's dearest wish was gratified. I had run into the net, and I gained a lovely wife and handsome fortune at the same time, without the suspicion of being a fortune-hunter.

A LITTLE WHILE.

BY I. D. E.

O, soul, a little while
  And thou shalt be released,
  And fortune shall have ceased
To frown for thee or smile.

A little, little space,
  A few brief months or years,
  Too brief, O soul, for tears,
Then to thy resting-place.

O wherefore art thou stirred
  With weak and idle rage
  To beat against thy cage
Like a captured bird.

Be still, poor soul, be still;
  He sees the sparrow's fall;
  Thy woes He knoweth all;
Hush, hush! and wait His will.

Redmond's Mill.

BY JULIUS L. THATCHER.

"IT goes against me to say it, miss, but I cannot let you pass without a ticket."

"But I tell you I have lost my purse, so how can I pay, or give you a ticket?"

And the speaker, a tall slim girl in deep mourning, turned to the only seat on the windy ill-lighted platform, and sat down despondent, tears falling from her pale cheek upon her tiny black-gloved hands. The conductor was touched, and, when he had passed the last passenger through the barrier, came to her side, saying:

"The station-master will be here presently, miss, to see the place closed for the night. I daresay he'll take your address and allow you to go. I am sorry to seem uncivil, but 'tis my duty I'm doing, nothing more, though I'm real sorry to keep you as it is so late, and you say you have to walk to Broomfield, twenty-two miles by the road."

He turned and left her, leisurely swinging his lamp and whistling softly as he went down the little platform. A jolly voice hailed him from the distance, saying—

"Ho, Jem, see this box into the mail train. Come, man, I'm in a hurry. 'Tis a long drive to Redmond's Mill?"

"It would be further afoot, Master Will, and there sits a lady as will have to do it after the gaffer has left; that's what she's waiting for. 'Tis a rough night; the wind is blowing up as for rain."

The porter soon put the young man into possession of all the details, and the listener turned and looked compassionately at the little lonely figure. With three strides of his long legs he was beside her, asking kindly if he could be of assistance.

A voice, very sweet, though choked with sobs, answered his inquiry by saying:

"No, thank you, I must wait. I had hoped to have found some one to meet me; for I am a stranger here, and unused to traveling alone."

"May I ask who are your friends at Broomfield? I live but a mile from there, and fancy I know everyone in the place."

"My uncle, Mr. Hill, keeps the Wheatsheaf Inn; perhaps you know him?"

"Of course I do; who does not in these parts? You must allow me to settle with the porter and take you through; why I pass the door, and your cousin Jenny will doubtless be waiting up to give me a night-cap."

Before she could reply, the big fellow in the rough light suit had left her; in another second he returned and asked her to follow him. His voice and manner were so pleasant and reassuring that the young girl did as he dictated without a moment's hesitation. As they passed the only lamp the little station boasted, the young fellow noticed that his companion had a pretty figure, lovely hair, and looked altogether a lady. He assisted her into his high dog-cart courteously, then sprang up beside her, and, after throwing the rug over both their knees, shook the reins with a cheery cry, and the high-stepping horse, quick as a dart, bore them away into the darkness.

"May I smoke?" asked Master Will.

"Oh, certainly," said the sweet voice, which had now a more comfortable tone.

"How lucky it is that I met you. It is getting late, and, if you had been obliged to walk, you would not have reached the Wheatsheaf till past midnight. How was it you came by the last train?"

"I missed the earlier train which I ought to have come by, and I suppose Mr. Hill did not think I should have come by the later train; but you see I had nowhere to stay in town, and so I was obliged to come on. I don't know how I managed to lose my purse; I suppose it was worrying about my baggage, which the conductor had promised to send on by the train to-morrow. Is not this a very dark road? I should have been frightened to death to have walked through it alone. It is very good of you to bring me; I cannot tell you how grateful I am."

"Nonsense," said Master Will; "any one would have given you a lift. Hark, that is the first boom of the coming storm, now we shall have a downpour. Don't be so frightened; shut your eyes tight, and your ears too if you can; and, mind, you must not hold on to my arm, for the mare is frightened at a storm as well as you, and she needs a steady hand. My name is Will Redmond. What is yours? It seems absurd to keep pausing in one's conversation for titles."

"My name is Dorothy Drayton."

A low whistle of surprise greeted this reply, after which Will said: "I beg your pardon, but your name surprises me. I had expected a very different person to answer to that name—in fact, a perfect blue-stocking, with angles of unpleasantness, and all that goes towards making a strong-minded woman, for I believe a woman never becomes strong-minded till all else fails."

Dorothy made some reply, but it was drowned in the crash of the elements, and she shrank into her wraps and longed unutterably for the journey's end.

The mare flew on with frightened speed which carried them quickly over the ground, and they soon stopped amid the uproar of the storm before a silent, darkened house. Then Will reined in his horse and knocked at the shutters sharply, saying to Dorothy:

"They are not in bed, but they close early as it is such a lonely road."

Then, after much rattling of chains and drawing of bolts, the door swung back and let out a flood of light. Then a handsome, showy girl said:

"Well, Master Will, isn't it? Here, you go and hold the horse. Why, who have you got with you, Will?"

"A visitor for you whom I found at the station. This is Miss Dorothy Drayton, and a very charming little lady she is. Let me assist you, Miss Drayton, to alight; I am sure you will be glad to get out."

The young girl at the house door gave the new comer a very cold greeting, and led her across the sanded floor to a large, cheerful room beyond, where a bright light was burning. The room was filled with large polished oak tables and settees. Bright green glass stands for pots enlivened the dark tables, and here and there were jugs of summer blossoms.

The new comers came into the light shaking their wet clothes. An old man, enormously stout, sat in a huge arm-chair by the empty grate; opposite to him was another old man with a jolly red face, head as bald as a new-born babe's, and tiny twinkling black eyes.

The handsome young hostess, Jenny Hill, came in with two glasses of hot grog, and placing them before the guests, said—

"Well, this is a pretty night to come. We did not expect a young lady, brought up so strictly as you have been, would have thought it right to travel alone so late; but I see you soon found an escort."

Here the old man broke in with a thick kind utterance:

"What was she to do, Jenny, if she missed the train? Well, Dolly lass, we're glad to see you; I hope you'll be comfortable with Jenny. She has a sharp tongue but a good heart. You must try to be happy here. Show her to her room, Jenny, and as soon as she has had a bit of supper, let her get to bed."

The two girls left the room, and Toby Hill said to young Redmond:

"You'd better let me tie up the mare, and turn in here for the night."

"No, thanks," said Will; "indeed, I must get back. Say good-night to Jenny for me. I'll look in in the morning."

The next morning was sunny and warm, and Dolly was awakened early by Jennie, who said:

"Come down, Dolly; if you are going to stop here for good, you may as well learn to be useful at once. There's the breakfast to prepare and lots else to do."

So, tired and scared, Dorothy began her new life under far from pleasant circumstances. She was hunted from place to place, given hard unsuitable tasks for which she received no thanks; yet her sweet patience never failed; she lived on and hoped for brighter days.

Her cousin, jealous of the too-evident admiration she received on all sides, was perpetually mortifying her by every slight a little mind could devise, and which poor Dorothy's dependent position placed it out of her power to resent.

Poor little Dolly; hers was indeed a lonely life. Without father, mother, or any near or dear ties, she felt the world an empty solace and one of which she was already weary. The only brief flashes of sunshine which came to her were the visits of Master Will Redmond, and these she paid for dearly, as Jenny had already, in her heart, laid claim to his attentions, and it went hard with her proud jealous nature to be put aside for one whom she imagined to be so much her inferior as her humble cousin; but she consoled herself by thinking that Will's fancy for Dorothy would soon wear off, never imagining he would wed a penniless, friendless girl whom every one looked down upon, a dependant upon her father's bounty; and she, Jenny, had for years, by public opinion, passed as Will's betrothed. Still, she showed her annoyance by increased unkindness to poor Dolly.

One bright morning, Will Redmond came to the inn in high glee to ask the girls to join a party at hop-picking and a high tea at the mill, to be followed by a dance. Jenny, always eager for enjoyment, readily accepted the invitation, but tried to prevent her cousin from doing the same by reminding her of her recent bereavement. She did this so insolently that Dolly plucked up courage enough to do the contrary of what was expected, and she accepted the invitation, and, more than that, donned her best clothes to do honor to her hosts. Her cousin sneeringly inquired "why she had dressed with so much pains, and who she supposed would notice her?"

Dolly received the contemptuous speech with quiet indifference.

The two girls, so totally different in appearance and nature, went together to the picnic, and each received a fair share of attention from those present, for each was, according to their own style, charming. Jenny, a handsome, showy brunette; Dorothy, a shy, sweet-faced, well-bred lady. Jenny kept the party merry by her jollity, Dorothy made up by her gentle thought for others what she lacked in mirth.

A young farmer of some pretensions in the neighborhood took Jenny entirely to himself, and she, with jealous rage, watched Will pay devoted court to Dorothy. Jenny, who a few months before had felt quite sure of winning the wealthy young miller, had, in hopes of securing an undisputed possession of Will, very unwisely (truth is always safest) told a bevy of envious friends that she and the miller were privately betrothed.

* * * * * * * * *

The sun cast a cheerful light on the hop-garden as each merry maiden stood at her bin working away, assisted by her knight, for it was understood that such as, at six o'clock, showed an unfilled bin, should be rolled in the bin to fill it.

Jenny was assisted by her new flame the gentleman farmer, and very merry they were at their work. Dolly, on the contrary, assisted by Will, was far from merry. They were bent over their poles thoughtfully; at last Will breaks the silence, saying:

"Miss Drayton, is it true that you are engaged to a gentleman in London?"

The hop-pole disregarded, they stood face to face, Dolly looking vexed and full of trouble as she replied:

"No, certainly not," and her pretty face flushed as she added, "I never had a sweetheart in my life."

"Thank God for that," said Will.

"I don't think it is anything to be thankful for," smiled Dolly; "it has been rather a matter of discontent, I assure you, for I am nearly nineteen. Now we are upon personal questions, may I ask if it is true that you are engaged to Jenny?"

"I engaged to Jenny! No, certainly not. It is not the first time I have been charged with the like bad taste. Who was your informant?"

"Never mind," replied Dorothy; I have promised not to tell, so don't vex me by trying to make me break my word."

"Indeed, dear, I would not do so mean a thing. One's given word I count as golden bondage.

'I should not love thee, dear, so well,
Loved I not honor more.'

And I do love you, darling, with the best love of my life. Tell me, sweet one, that you return even a little of the true affection I bear to you. Will you come to me, Dorothy, as my wife, leaving behind you the wretched dependence that breaks my heart to see you suffer?"

He held out his hands entreatingly as he spoke, and, after one swift glad look into his honest face, Dolly, with a little cry of rapture, placed both her hands in his, saying:

"I love you, Will, and shall be glad to belong to you; were I not yours I should be none other's, I love you so."

"My darling," said Will, "you have made me the happiest of men alive. Now, to crush this scandal which has made pain for us both, I shall publish our engagement this day at ten, and invite our guests to our wedding, which must take place next month, darling, or we shall have no holiday."

"You decide everything at will," said Dolly, "without so much as saying by your leave, madam."

"You'll never have your own way again, pet, after you are really my very own, so make the most of your month of grace. Now to work, sweetest, or according to contract I am bound to duck you in green hops, and I should not like to see my wee wife in so undignified a position."

Half an hour's hard work and Will called out:

"Time, gentlemen, time."

Then followed a mirthful scene; many an indolent lady exhibited her frilled petticoats in the hops, after fruitlessly endeavoring to escape from the chase of the sterner sex.

Then, in freer spirit, they made their way to the mill, an old ramshackle place, now at its best and brightest to do its visitors honor.

In one of the largest rooms tea was prepared, Will's aunt acting as hostess, for he was without nearer ties. It was a jocund meal, and, at the close, wine and fruit were introduced. Then Will rose, and proposed as a toast his future wife, Dorothy Drayton.

At first a dead silence greeted the toast, during which every one looked inquiringly one to the other and then at Jenny, who sat white as death, and indeed as if turned to stone.

Then all at once a *double* cheer was and glasses were drained with a hearty good will, that was doubled when Will invited them to the bridal on that day month.

Upon this the little party broke into little gossiping groups, and while the men and girls separated to make final preparations for the dance, Jenny drew near to Dorothy, saying:

"You said you would like to go below to see where the water works the big wheel. I'm going there now, will you come? I want to speak to you privately."

She placed her hand through her cousin's arm as she spoke, but Dorothy shrank back, looking into her face inquiringly.

"You need not be afraid of me," snapped Jenny savagely. "Are you coming?"

"Yes, if you wish it," said Dolly, though her heart quaked with fear while she spoke; but she was ashamed of her cowardice, and allowed her cousin to lead her down over the green stone steps to the plank platform below. It was an eerie place in the gloaming. Down below the deep water ran as black as night. A little shudder shook Dolly's slender form, and she said entreatingly:

"Jenny, let's go back, the place feels like a grave."

"Does it?" said Jenny, indifferently. "I don't feel it;" then in an altered tone she said, turning fiercely upon the trembling girl beside her, in a harsh tone of deadly anger: "Is the news Will surprised us with after tea true?"

For one weak moment, born of fear, Dolly, looking into the dark face beside her, leant to the side of falsehood, then her true nature prevailed, and, drawing herself up to her full height, said proudly:

"I do not recognize your right to question me, Jenny, but I'll answer you, because I am proud to say it is true—I am Will Redmond's promised wife!"

There lay a painful stillness between the two women for a few seconds, during which Jenny wrung her firm nervous hands together bitterly, then said, in a voice hoarse and awe-inspiring by its intensity of passion:

"And you dared to accept him after I had told you he had betrothed himself to me a month since?"

"Yes," replied Dolly bravely, "I did, for the simple reason that I knew it was a falsehood."

"Indeed," gasped Jenny, mad with rage. "Ungrateful girl, false-hearted friend, you shall not live to triumph over me," and, with sudden awful meaning, she drew near the frightened girl who faced her dumb and dazed with dread.

There was a heavy splash in the deep black water, and Jenny stood on the plank bridge alone, a sudden horror breaking up her anger and showing her her sin, as a pitiful white face lifted itself appealingly from the depth below, and a clear sweet voice cried shrilly:

"Save me, Jenny, save me."

With one shuddering glance at the deep water, Jenny sprang up the dark step, crying wildly:

"Will, Will! quick, for the love of God: Dorothy's fallen into the dam."

The group of men, among whom Will stood the promoter of mirth, broke apart to give way to the man who by these terrible words seemed suddenly to step out of youth to age, so haggard and horror-stricken was he, after one long searching look into Jenny's livid face and shifting eyes, he strode past, followed by the men, to the place below where, without a moment's consideration of the fearful risk he ran, he lowered himself into the deep water, saying in a tone of passionate appeal:

"Hold up for one moment, love; I come to save or die with you."

Then followed a few moments of dreadful suspense, and Jenny lay upon the floor above like a dead thing.

Now a joyous shout arose, and two wet, dripping figures were carried past and laid upon some sacks—Dolly, deathlike, with a fearful gash on her livid face; Will, with one arm broken and hanging by his side, and great drops of agony on his pain-distorted countenance.

Jenny looked upon her work with misery unutterable, from which she was roused by her cousin's voice, saying:

"Come here, Jenny, and let me thank you for helping me so. Had it not been for your prompt attention I must have died. I ought not to have ventured where you said it was not safe."

Will looked up quickly at these words, all his black suspicions scattered to the winds, and Jenny felt as though an angel's voice had lifted her from death to life.

Very humbly she took her cousin's hand and pressed it against her painfully throbbing heart, while those about her, seeing her evident gratitude, raised their estimation of her nature a hundredfold, thinking her curt manner had misled them as to her good heart.

It was a sad ending to their merry party. Will was quietly placed in bed, and so was Dolly, by order of a doctor who had been hastily summoned from the village.

Then followed a month, during which Will said the mill-house was turned into a hospital. Jenny was head nurse, trying hard to recompense them for the trouble she had brought upon them. Her harsh, hard nature seemed changed by the magic wand of suffering; her voice attuned itself to gentle sympathy; her stubborn heart took a more gentle, womanly turn, till those about her thought they never knew her till then, and that surely never had a woman, though possessing a hasty temper and sharp tongue, been so bitterly misjudged. Her love and devotion to Dolly was beyond all praise, and Will thanked her warmly, saying:

"All trouble tries true hearts, and yours, Jenny, has proved real gold. Had I known that a year ago, my own dear girl might have been forestalled. When your nature is so truly noble, why cover it up in so high a mask?"

Jenny hung her head and felt she had never known a real punishment till now; but a new nature sprang out of her bitter lesson. After this, with wonderful patience and self-mastery, she compelled herself to lead the gentle part of life in real, earnest, faithful love and kindest sympathy with all.

Her altered temper lent so great a charm to her handsome self, that the young farmer first flattered her into accepting him, and then by the strength of his honest affection won her heart from its first false and fearful passion; so that when Will led his sweet girl to the altar, they were accompanied by rival candidates for the matrimonial blessing, and Farmer Stanley thought his bonnie Jenny far surpassed his friend's more retiring though more lovely bride.

So a bridal buried forever the secret of Redmond's Mill.

It does not require any genius or talent to find fault; but to give credit where credit is due is indicative of a good heart and sound judgment.

COMING SUMMER.

BY REX.

Snowy white upon the hedge-sprays are the blossoms of the thorn,
And the cowslip gilds the meadows, and the Maytide's dewy morn
Is redolent of fragrance from a thousand flower-bells;
Every bird and every blossom of the coming Summer tells.

There is perfume from the green lanes, there is music in the breeze,
In the rustling of the tall grass, in the swaying of the trees,
In the cuckoo's jocund calling from the copse that crowns the hill,
In the babbling midst its lilies of yon brooklet's silver rill.

"Soon the roses of the Summer will bloom with sunny June!"
The nightingale clear warbles with his swelling throat a tune;
As he trills, and jerks, and bubbles, through the moonlit soft May night,
Whilst his dun mate o'er her nest broods, her black eye glancing bright

In response to his sweet love-song, and her callow babes are pressed,
With a tender, trembling rapture, to her fostering mother-breast;
And through the leafy woodlands re-echoes this refrain
From the minstrel on the hawthorn, "Summer, summer comes again!"

The Stone Hand.

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS.

MISS SAPHORE was little more than a shadow.

She lived so many years that no one who had known her in her prime was still alive.

Gaunt and thin, yellow as old satin that once was white, and yet, somehow, one said to one's self, "she was once beautiful."

An old maid, living alone amongst the relics of the past—furniture more ancient than herself; a miniature of herself, painted in the year 1780; clad in silks such as we wot not of; in laces of which the patterns do not now exist.

There was something weird about the habitation—something out of keeping with this world—and one could but agree with the old lady when she said faintly, and not unmusically—

"Ah, my dears, I have lived too long. I am left behind as passengers are sometimes left by those terrible steam carriages of which I have never traveled, and like them, I am waiting to be taken on to join those I know. I do not belong to you at all."

Then she would tell us over our tea, which her old servant handed us, with wafer cakes upon a silver tray, of many an incident of her youth; of scenes she remembered in her childhood; of Bonaparte as she had seen him; of gallant Lafayette, an elegant young man of European courts; and of state and splendor of which we had never dreamt.

And at last some one would ask her timidly, fearfully almost, if the time had come when we might know about the alabaster box.

But she always answered—

"Not yet. It will not be long before you may know, but not yet."

Then we all turned our eyes toward the box.

It was a large one of alabaster, covered with carven flowers, with that strange, waxen yellowness that only comes to alabaster of all substances.

Bits of it had crumbled away; continually some bud or leaf lay near it, detached by the mere action of time; but these bits were never disturbed, and about the box was a golden band fastened by a golden padlock, the key of which hung by a golden chain, fairy-like as a spider's web, over old Miss Saphore's heart.

The mystery of her life, and relics of her dead and gone love story lay in that box we knew, and we were to hear it one day.

We longed for it inexpressibly, until one morning Miss Saphore died.

Death had not forgotten her as people had begun to think.

She sat in bed propped up by pillows, and she held the precious box in her arms.

It was open, and both box and woman seemed alike made of the same alabaster.

The same tints in the flesh and in the skin, and within the box what seemed to us at first sight an alabaster hand, but which proved to be a human hand wonderfully embalmed, and dressed about the wrist with a ruffle of rare point lace, and a pearl ring upon the finger, still of the same hue of faint yellow as all the rest about it.

It was terrible, it was mysterious!

We shuddered, and we wondered; but when at last they found folded away in the bosom of old Miss Saphore's robe a velvet case containing a paper directed to the eldest of us, we knew that it held the story we had so longed to hear. We were right.

It began thus—

"I said wait. You have waited. I do not know where I shall be when you read this. Hovering about you in spirit-form, far away in some beautiful other world, meeting those who have gone before me, finding myself amongst strange beings of another sort than I.

"What do we know?

"I could wander on for hours now that I have begun to ask myself whom I shall meet first.

"He will come if he can. You know how sure he will be to come after waiting all these years.

"Why, no; you do not know him, I forgot. He had been dead eighty years before you were born—the eldest of you.

"He was Rawdon; no matter for his other name.

"Rawdon they baptised him; Rawdon I called him.

"I know him when he was a pretty boy, and I a baby girl, and we loved each other then as such innocent creatures might.

"Afterwards when I came back from travel in foreign lands, we met again; and on the instant, we gave our hearts to each other and pledged our faith with our eyes.

"Eighty years ago and I was one and twenty then, only one and twenty; but I remember I had hair like amber; I had eyes like black velvet; I had a waist one could span with two hands, and a bust like Hebe's.

"I was beautiful, but he was divine—Apollo Belvedere came to life.

"One day he said to me—

"'Will you be my wife?' And I said—

"'Yours or no man's.'

"And we changed rings. My gift was a pearl, his an opal.

"So we defied fate; for pearls mean tears, and woe to love that is pledged in opals.

"Bury my opal with me and his hand on my heart with the pearl upon his finger. Yes, his hand.

"I see you shudder, pretty ones. I did not shudder.

"I took it, cold as it was, and kissed it. I have kissed it every day for eighty years. I dared not tell you, I could not tell you, but now you shall know.

"Leo came from India, yellow, splendid with jewels, panther-like in movement, with a panther's eyes, and he asked my father for me.

"Leo was a cousin far away, far away—but a cousin; and oh how rich he was, and Rawdon was not, and my father bade me marry Leo, and my mother forbade me to meet Rawdon, and I wept and besought but in vain. And I even told Leo that I loved another, and begged him to leave me. But he was of ignoble soul. He laughed.

"I love you, he said, "and I will have you if I can, whether you love me or not."

"And those were days when girls were given by their parents, and were not their own mistresses as they now are.

"And Rawdon, forbidden the house, used to meet me in lonely spots till they found us out, and I was locked up in my chamber, where one day my maid brought me a letter.

"It was signed with Rawdon's name, and it told me that, losing all hope of winning me, he had left the country, never to return and that his advice to me was to marry Leo.

"Oh, at that I was quite mad for awhile, and when I was well of the fever that fell upon me, I cared not what became of me."

"So they told Leo I should be his, and they set to work on my wedding garments. And I did not weep. I sat thinking and thinking.

One thought often was in my mind, my secret meetings with Rawdon.

"We had one place of rendezvous that we thought no one could discover. It was a cave to which strangers sometimes came out of curiosity, but of which the neighborhood took little heed.

"It was deep and dark, but within it was a spring.

"Of the water no one drank, as it was sure death to do so; but assuredly it had a strange property.

"Whatever lay within it for a time was turned to stone.

"Little crawling things, fish, and even toads had been found there all petrified.

"Here in the hush of evening we wended our way, lit by our lanterns.

"The place was cold and murky, but our hearts were warm, our love sweet and bright.

"Happy, happy had I been there, and I longed to go there again.

"I longed for days and for hours, and at last when the very eve of my bridal had come I donned my old nurse's cloak and hood and stole away over the misty meadows, where will-o'-the-wisps danced before me, through the woods where the owls hooted, down into the hollow where the cave lay.

"As I entered the cave bats flapped their wings in my face, and I felt a snake glide by; but I opened my lantern and the light fell upon the stones, and the water of the spring caught its rays, and the stalactites that hung from the roof glittered, and I thought a white spirit form glided by me—perhaps it did; and I heard a voice call me by name, and a horror fell upon me, and I was kneeling by the spring.

"Something lay beside it.

"It was a skeleton now—a skeleton clad in garments blue with mould, but with a dagger still sticking in the breast that proved that the man had been murdered; but as it fell its left hand had dropped into the petrifying water of the spring's pool, and lay there still, a hand of stone, with a ring upon its finger, and stone lace about its wrist.

"The water could not change gold and gems.

"I knew the pearl ring I had given Rawdon.

"Pearls for tears—pearls for tears.

"Eighty years ago—but I shudder, I tremble, I quiver all over as I write—and I know as I knew then that Leo had murdered Rawdon; and I took the hand of my love to my heart, and fled through the night, waking it with shrieks for help.

"They came to me, they gathered about me, they went to the cave, they saw the sight I had seen, they found on the dagger Leo's name, they found in the cave a letter forged to lead him there, signed by my name, and they knew that it was Leo who forged it.

"But he was a kinsman, and he was wealthy.

"He fled and they did not pursue, and they left me alone with all that was left of my dead lover, and spoke nevermore of wedding me to anyone.

"This is the story that I could not tell you. You know it now, and I know all that death can teach me. Adieu."

The Twin-Sister.

BY W. J. BRETT.

A WARM oppressive August day, with no breath of air stirring among the motionless trees that stood just outside of Clarence Gray's bedroom windows.

On the spotless bed, sweet and fair as a maiden's, Clarence Gray lying, wasted, sallow, despairing, listening with the patience of hopelessness to what Dr. Peyton was saying.

"It would be useless—cruel to deceive you Gray. Heaven knows I have done my best but I'm afraid I can't do much more."

"Then I am done with everything, Peyton. I will die."

Two hands went out to each other—one feebly, flutteringly, to meet the eager, fiercely regretful clasp of the other.

"If I could only bid you hope, Gray! Is there—anything else—I can do?"

A little yearning sigh came from the poor dying lips.

"Yes. If I only had taken their advice and not risked it—well—there's nothing left but to go now. Peyton; just one honest answer. How much longer have I?"

Peyton's handsome dark eyes drooped before the child-like question.

"Perhaps an hour. Oh my friend——"

Gray turned his head wearily.

"An hour longer to suffer? Oh Heaven what will she say when she hears I am dead? Peyton, comfort my darling as best you can."

Peyton rose softly and turned a slat of the cool green shutter.

When he returned to the bedside, there was a wandering look that was almost fear on the poor face.

"I loved her the best of all the world—God in heaven, how happy we would have been! No, I must answer this call for help, they were dying by scores down there. Why, I am healthy and strong; too healthy to catch the fever. My darling, my darling don't cry so."

A perfect wail was in the weak voice that grew feebler with every heart-beat.

Peyton spoke soothingly.

"I will tell her you remembered her with your latest consciousness. Tell me her name, Gray. Try to think."

The dying man reached his hand unavailingly towards the pillow, but it was by the agony of imploration in his eyes that Dr. Peyton comprehended his meaning.

"There is something beneath your pillow? Yes; don't disturb yourself," he said, soothingly, gently. "I will attend to it—it will explain itself—a letter or address, or something? Yes. Now try to rest. My friend, it will not be long now before your reward will come."

Surely it was not long.

Another hour of steadily failing strength, while the hot, close summer afternoon drifted into the hot, close summer night, and Dr. Peyton sat there vainly cooling his scorching forehead, vainly warming the damp, almost pulseless hand, and then one brave life laid itself on the altar of sacrifice, and only God and His angels and a few broken hearts will ever know.

* * * * * *

A few hours afterwards, his pitiful round of duties temporarily done, Dr. Peyton stole a while to attend to his dead friend and patient's dying bequest.

He telegraphed the sad news to the parents' address he found in the little package under the pillow, and then set himself to the task of comforting as best he could, the fair girl whom Clarence Gray had loved—writing from the fulness of his sympathetic heart, and thanking Heaven it was, as yet, all right with himself—thanking Heaven that no one was as yet delegated to send word to Marion Blair, his Marion, his love, his darling, far away where the fearful scourge could not harm—that he had fallen in the ranks.

Then he sealed the letter, to be directed when he had opened still another packet to obtain her address.

Then he searched among the papers and envelopes, and there fell from his hands a letter that Clarence Gray had not yet finished when the fatal chill had seized him—a letter that had in it a photograph—a woman's portrait, one glance at which sent every drop of blood from his face, that made him spring to his feet as if an adder had suddenly uncoiled in his hands.

"Great Heavens! Marion Blair!"

And beneath the lovely face was pencilled "Love and Faith. M. B."

For a moment he stood petrified with the discovery; then, with a curse, he tore the portrait in fragments, the letter he had written in fragments, and crushed them madly under his heel.

And then, after the fierce burst of passion, he flung himself on the bed where his beloved's lover had died—white, prostrate with a dumb stony despair and anguish.

* * * * *

"If you please, Miss Blair, there's a gentleman to see you in the parlor," said the servant, entering the room where Marion and her sister Mabel sat reading.

Marion looked at the card the servant held out to her, and in an instant the wistful troubled look that a moment before darkened in her eyes was flooded away by a radiance of joy.

"Doctor Peyton! Oh, thank Heaven he has come at last! Thank Heaven he has been spared to come safe to me again! Oh my darling!"

That to her own heart; aloud she answered calmly—

"Tell the gentleman I will be down presently."

Then rising her book still in her hand, Marion said—

"Mabel, dear, you will pardon me if I leave you for awhile, I know."

"Do not think of me, Marion," replied the other. "I am sure to find company, if not in my book, at least in my own sad thoughts."

Marion threw down her book, and leant and kissed the pale face of Mabel, then she hurried to her chamber.

And while she was standing before her mirror, woman-like, to be assured she was as faultless as might be before she should present herself to her lover, Dr. Peyton was walking to and fro in the parlor below, with cold severity in his handsome eyes, with agitated heart and pale anxious face.

"It is the last time," he was telling himself. "I will see her fair false face for this last time, and watch her when I throw her treachery in her teeth."

Then the door swung quietly open and Marion came in, beautiful as a star, graceful as a flower—the woman he had sworn his passion to, the woman whose portrait had lain smiling under Clarence Gray's dying pillow.

She went up to him in a swift compelling way, her face serious, sweet—oh so witchingly sweet!

"Frank, oh Frank! I have so longed, so prayed, so feared for this day? I want to look at you and never take my eyes off again! Oh, I am so glad, so glad to see you. And you, Frank?"

She smiled so confident of his great gladness.

"And you have been such a cruel, cruel fellow," she went on, as if in sheer delightful impossibility to refrain from talking. "It is nearly six weeks since I had a letter from you—oh I was so terrified lest you had caught the fever. But I watched the papers, and when your name was never in the death-roll—oh, my love!"

"You have worked so hard—you are not well at all, are you? Why don't you talk, Frank, or maybe you are not very pleased to see me."

"Oh, yes, I have come so far for only that. I am tired and nearly worn out, Marion, it has been an awful siege through which I have passed. And I have had such trouble, too."

Her tender face was all sympathy.

"Trouble, I can appreciate so thoroughly, dear, for there has been such trouble in this house. My sister—you never saw my twin-sister, Mabel, I think, because she has been with papa's sister abroad nearly all her life, and papa became very angry with her because she referred Aunt Mabel to him—so angry he never mentioned nor permitted me to mention her name. But she came home just a little while ago heart broken, Frank, my poor dear Mabel, for her lover is dead, and they were to have been married soon. Only think how good God is to us, you are spared, while he died of that terrible yellow fever."

He rose to his feet in a sudden impulse that was making his heart nearly cease its wild beating.

"Your sister, Mabel, your twin-sister—and she was very like you."

Marion looked wonderingly at his agitated face, and thought it was his great tender pity.

"Exactly like me, only, she never could have loved Clarence Gray as well as I love you. Oh Frank——"

For he had suddenly snatched her in his arms, and was straining her fiercely to his breast, kissing her sweet wondering face.

"ELOQUENT!" said the Chicago lawyer of his partner. "He's able to reason the kick out of a mule. Why, here, a while ago, business was dull, and he decided that Mrs. Dasher ought to have a divorce, and he'd go into court and get it for her, and then charge her for it. Somehow she heard of what was going on. She galloped down to the court-house to stop him, as she didn't want a divorce. She got there just as he was making a plea for her. And mind you, she was mad at him, but, by Jove, sir, she listened to him five minutes, and became so convinced that she ought to have a divorce that she walked right up where the jury could see her and shed three pints of tears while he recited her wrongs. And when he won the case she embraced him and said he should conduct all her divorce cases. I call that eloquence!"

DRUGGIST—"Doctor, you must prescribe more calomel and less mandrake. I'm all out of the latter, and have an immense stock of calomel on hand, and must work it off this month or take a heavy loss." Physician—"Tell you the truth, I begin to think that calomel is much superior to mandrake." [Both wink, both smile, and both walk briskly off, like men who have done a good deed.]

LITTLE JACK has been a naughty boy, and his mamma says: 'I shall give a sugar plum to your brother, and none to you, in order to punish you." "Mamma," said the elder brother, eagerly, "hadn't you better give me the sugar plum right away, so as to produce more effect upon him?"

THE best education is that of the heart.

WHERE?

BY J. B. FANTON.

The poor dead bird lay with its speckled breast
All dulled 'neath death's cold touch;
It looked as if it shared sleep's quiet rest:
It had not suffered much.
Its little head and closened sunken eyes,
Shall see no more the clear blue winter skies.

There was the bird; and as we laid it down
In the small graveyard there,
One of the mourners with a serious frown,
As weighted by a care,
Said, in a timid voice: "Where shall I find
That twittering song the poor thing left behind?"

"Nay, child," I answered, "sure I cannot tell
What place can hold its song,
Or where the carols that we loved so well
Do now in truth belong.
Perchance another bird has caught the strain
And sings it to the listening world again.

"But I do think the song is safe in Heaven,
For God can know no waste;
He lends the birds' sweet songs our life to leaven—
Thus pain is oft effaced.
Naught may we know: save that the God of love
Keeps all things lovely round His throne above!"

Proved a Hero.

BY HENRY FRITH.

ON a sunny October day, according to instructions I had received from the officers of the railroad company, I handed the engineer of the engine No. 32 a letter from his chief, requesting that I should accompany him upon the engine, as a better post for the observations along the rails I had been commanded to make.

After reading it, he touched his hat, and respectfully bade me welcome, arranging as comfortable a seat for me as he could provide for the long ride which lay before us.

It was a novel experience for me, and a highly exciting one, as we seemed to cleave the air, the train thundering along behind us; and I could but look admiringly at the man, who stood so unflinchingly at his post, and in whose hands lay in reality all our lives.

He was a tall, handsome fellow, whose keen grey eyes never stirred from his post, either to right or left, but whose cheery laugh often rang out on the clear morning air as we chatted together.

By noon we had become friends, at which hour we stopped at a small station, where there was a delay of twenty minutes to take in coals and water.

As we slowed up, I noticed standing on the platform a young woman, holding a neatly covered basket, and clinging to her skirts a little child, some three years of age.

"Papa! papa!" the little one screamed, in delight: and, glancing at my companion's face, I needed not to question if he were the one thus called.

Another moment, we had stopped, and wife and child were pressed to his breast, while a look of wonderful tenderness crept into his eyes.

"My wife and child, sir," he said, turning to me; "I have only one day a week off with them: but Kate always meets me here with my dinner, and now and then I get an hour or two with her."

"It's a hard life," I said. "You must miss them sorely."

"No matter where I am, sir," he replied, "they are with me. I hear the little one's voice above the loudest wind, and I see my Kate's smile in the darkest night, although I stand alone on my engine, with my life in my hand. It's a hard life, may be sir, but I ought not to complain. It gave me my happiness since it won me my wife."

When we were on our way again, and I had seen the tears fill the pretty little woman's bright blue eyes, as she fondly kissed her husband good bye, while I had slipped into the little one's chubby hand a golden gift from the strange gentleman riding with papa, I asked my companion what he meant.

"I don't know as you'd care to hear, sir, and there's not many as I'd care to tell. I was a careless fellow enough six years ago, not neglecting my work when at my post, but fond of a good time with my companions when off duty, always ready to join in a friendly glass, and sometimes with my head not quite steady when I mounted my engine, though the air always set me right before we had gone far on our way.

"One evening at the dance I met Kate Wilson. She was the prettiest girl in the room, sir, and a little bit of a coquette in those days, though no more than was natural, with all the young fellows trying their best to turn her head.

"I was not long behind the rest.

"I couldn't get her out of my thoughts, but it did not take me a great while to find out the truth of the matter.

"I had lost my heart.

"The only question was, would she turn me adrift or give me hers for that she had stolen?

"It was many a week before I got up courage enough to determine to ask her to be my wife.

"Every moment off duty I would spend with her until I grew to fancy she used to watch and wait my coming.

"But I was not without my jealous hours for all that.

"How did I know how she spent the time I was so constantly away from her?

"At last I heard of another dance to be given on the night I would be off duty.

"I could not see Kate until then, but I felt sure she would know I would come for her and would go with no one else.

"But when the evening arrived I found when I called for her that she had already gone.

"Perhaps, sir, in your rank of life you know too what it is to be jealous, and how many a man destroys his future happiness by it.

"My first words to Kate were those of reproach, while her smile at my entrance died away and her face grew white.

"'I did not know you were coming, Harry. How could I?'

"'You might have waited then,' I exclaimed.

"'And stayed at home, perhaps, to have had you laugh at me with the rest. Besides, I am quite satisfied with my escort, and believe I am the only person to be consulted in the matter.'

"'As you will,' I said, turning on my heel, muttering the word 'coquette' between my teeth and unheeding the little pleading glance she sent from time to time across the room to where I stood.

"That night began a series of dissipations with which I employed every leisure moment. I drank more deeply than I had ever done in my life—not as before, for so-called good will and good fellowship, but to drown memory.

"I did not go near Kate for a month. To me it seemed a year.

"Finally, my better nature triumphed, and I went to her repentant, to ask her forgiveness, and perhaps her love.

"On a long, lonely night ride, I made up my mind to this, though like a thousand mocking devils memories of the moments I had spent in the last few weeks crowded around me, as though taunting me in contrast to her purity; but with Heaven's help I would make myself worthy, I said aloud, and thought the hours would never drag along until I could find myself once more in her presence.

"She came in to see me, holding out her hand with a sweet smile of welcome, as though we had parted only yesterday, and yet—and yet there was a change.

"Ah, I learned it all too soon!

"In the first few moments I told her the story of my life for the past few months, of what it had been before I knew her, of what it should be if she would give me the assurance and promise of her love.

"Then I paused.

"For a moment silence fell between us; then she spoke.

"A bright flush was in her cheek, her lips trembled, her lashes veiled her eyes, but her voice faltered not.

"'Harry,' she said, 'I am only a girl, it is true, but the man I marry must be a man. Perhaps I might have loved you'—here a little tremble crept into her tone—'but I have almost ceased to respect you. Were you my husband, I should fear for you, and fear and love cannot go hand in hand. Rather, if you indeed love me, prove yourself a man. It does not take a battle-field to make a hero.'

"'Prove yourself a man!'

"These were the words that haunted me in the weeks that followed, saving me from the ruin I should else have drifted into, but torturing me with their hopefulness.

"What hope had I in my daily routine of duty of changing Mary's mind? Yet, spite of her words, something in her eye had told me that she loved me, and that something gave me strength to live, and to withstand the daily temptations of my life.

"So six months passed, when one morning I mounted my engine to take the express train to Conroy.

"We were going along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, when suddenly, right ahead of us, it seemed, a tiny speck of red fluttered on the track.

"I strained my eyes—I blew my whistle. What could it be? Merciful Heaven! Another instant it was made clear to me. It was a little golden-haired child, playing in the very face of the huge monster of death my hand was guiding to its destruction.

"I whistled 'Down brakes,' but, as I did so knew that it was of no avail. Before the order could be obeyed, it would be rendered useless. Then something within me said—

"'Your life is worthless. Give it for that innocent life if it must be, but save it at peril of your own. Had you been a better man, you might have had a little child like that praying for you at home.'

"It takes a long time, sir, to tell all this, but in reality not one second had passed. At such times men think quickly. One bitter sigh rose in my breast. I should never have a chance of proving to Kate my manhood by some great deed in the future, or long years of penance. But it did not make my duty any the less clear. Bill, my fireman, was behind me.

"'Take the engine!' I screamed to him. 'Good-bye, Kate,' I whispered low to myself.

"The next minute, hardly conscious of what I was doing, I was down upon the front of the engine, clinging by one hand, the other outstretched to grasp the child, now paralyzed with terror. Then we were upon it. It was killed, crushed, mangled. No! I looked down. It was safe held within one strong arm, its red dress fluttering in the wind, its golden head close pressed against my shoulder. How was it done? I cannot tell you, sir. God, they say, does not let the sparrow fall.

"Then the train checked its speed, stopped, the passengers came crowding about us, men grasped me by the hand, women cried over me, and I stood dazed, bewildered in their midst, the child held tight within my arms. It was such a simple thing, yet sir, they gave me this," throwing back his coat, and showing me a medal.

"The papers rang next day with the story. You see, sir, it seemed more to them looking at it than to me who had no time to stop and think; but something more was in store for me! I was off duty the next night, alone in my desolate room, thinking it all over, when some one whispered my name. In another moment some one was sobbing in my arms—some one who had come to me of her own sweet will—some one who from that moment has been the sunshine of my home and my heart.

"That is all, sir. It is a simple story. I trust I have not tired you."

But I, as I grasped the noble fellow's hand whose speech had so unconsciously betrayed the grand true heart within, could only echo his Kate's words—

"It does not take a battle-field to make a hero."

PANTOMIMIC LOVE MAKING.—In South Italy courtships are often carried on to the "ask papa" period by gesture alone. An ardent Romeo sees his Juliet on her flower-covered balcony. He falls in love at once, and throws into his face and eyes expressions of admiration for her; at the same time he compliments her on her beauty by passing his hand over his mouth and chin. The lady's answer is a blush, hiding her face, except the eyes, behind her fan, and pointing to the rear to indicate that mamma is coming, and retreats. Next time the same play on the gentleman's side, followed by possibly a glance, not of discouragement, from the lady; whereupon he hugs his left side, to express that he loves her to distraction; and the lady flees to return the next day, and the next, to observe the gentleman's gestures and silent avowals of passion. The comedy is very interesting to the parties concerned. If papa, on being consulted, is inexorable, or the lady in a convent, the whole affair, including agreement and preparations to run away, is transacted solely by gesture—concerning which it is on record that on an occasion of this sort, all being prepared and the gentleman in the street waiting at the lady's door with the carriage intended to carry off the happy couple, an awfully gruff voice was heard asking: "Are you there?" The lover looked towards the voice, saw that it came from the object of his balcony affections, and utterly disenchanted, fled. She should have remained speechless until the ceremony was performed.

SEALING LETTERS.—The sealing of a letter is not so simple a matter as might be imagined. At all times great importance has been attached to the operation, and it is well known that the Greeks took great care to close their missives in the most secure manner possible. They first rolled the written paper in the form of a cylinder somewhat flattened, which they surrounded with a narrow ribbon or a string to carry the seal. The seal was made of wax or clay. The Romans employed the same practice, but used more precautions. They commenced by surrounding the rolled letter with a thick paper or a skin, then run it through with a string, each end of which was fixed to the paper by a seal of wax or paste made of powdered chalk. Forgers and violators of the secrecy of letters soon found a means of detaching the seal by passing a hot needle under it, and the art of opening sealed letters was carried to such perfection under Nero, that new methods of protecting the secrecy of letters had to be sought for. In France in the earliest times common wax of its natural color was first employed. White, gray and yellow wax was then successfully used, and the last color has even been preserved to the present time for certain official deeds drawn up on parchment. About 1550 a Parisian invented the resinous composition which has superseded all others. The use of waters dates from 1624, when the mode of folding letters and inserting one extremity inside the other was adopted. The court, however, and people of fashion still retain the custom of attaching the sheets of a letter by a strip of paper or a thread and sealed with wax. Lastly came the system of envelopes, which is quite modern. At the commencement of this century the government offices generally tucked in the ends of letters and fastened them with a wafer. Subsequently that practice was abandoned and large envelopes were used.

AN Irish laborer attending a plasterer who was "first coating" on the third story of a house, found that he had too much to do; for, work as hard as he could, the plaster board was always empty and the plasterer waiting when he got up. At last Pat fell upon a novel way of lightening his labor. He purchased a pennyworth of nuts, and, putting a few among the mortar in the hod, he emptied it on the board. The plasterer, seeing a nut sticking among the lime as he was laying it on the wall, picked it out, and, cleaning it with his apron, cracked the shell and ate the kernel. Repetition of this several times took up so much of his time that, when Pat came up with the next hod, very little of the former one had been used. Pat put in a few more nuts whenever he was falling behind, and at night told his master that for a penny an hour more on his wages he would keep any two men going.

A WESTERN editor thus retorts upon a critic:—"We are sorry that you don't like our paper. We publish it simply to please you. We would ask you to come to the office and edit it, only, if we did, some inquitous idiot might write and tell you how much better he could do it himself, and that would annoy a nervous person like you."

Every condition has both its pleasures and its pains.

OWING to the press of other matter, the advertisement of Frank Siddalls Soap has been omitted. In the coming number we will refer to the merits of this highly popular and useful article.

Scientific and Useful.

PAPER BELTING.—Paper belting is used with success in the machinery hall of an exhibition now held in Japan. It is stated that the belting made of paper has been tested and been found to be much stronger than that made of ordinary leather.

NOSE-BLEEDING.—Bleeding at the nose may be stopped by lying flat on the back, with the head raised and the hands held above it. The nose must be covered with a cloth filled with pounded ice or wrung out of ice water. The head should never be held over a basin, as the position encourages bleeding. The blood may be received in a wet sponge.

TRANSMITTING MOTION.—A patent was granted a short time ago in Vienna and Berlin for a method of transmitting motion from one pulley to another by means of bands of steel, tempered and hardened, and fastened by a peculiar method. The faces of the pulleys are turned perfectly flat, and faced with a varnish of rosin, shellac and asphalt.

HOLES IN PORCELAIN.—Holes may be bored in porcelain by means of an ordinary machine drill. The drill is kept moist with oil of turpentine, and caused to revolve rapidly by taking one twist of the string of a bow about it and drawing the bow quickly backward and forward, after the manner of using a saw, while the head of the drill is held in position by a loose oiled brace.

SWIMMING DEVICE.—A new swimming device has been patented. It is a light frame, carrying a float and longitudinal shaft, the latter having at one end a small screw propellor. The swimmer reclines on the float, and grasping a hand crank in each hand and placing his feet on two foot cranks, proceeds rapidly and easily, with his head far enough above the water to be comfortable.

BORAX IN WASHING.—The washerwomen of Holland, so proverbially clean, and who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as washing powder, instead of soda, in the proportion of one large handful of borax power to about ten gallons of boiling water; they save in soap nearly half. Borax being a neutral salt does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen. Its effect is to soften the hardest water.

HARDENING STEEL.—According to an English paper a very fine preparation for making steel very hard is composed of wheat flour, salt and water, using, say, two teaspoonfuls of water, one-half a teaspoonful of flour and one of salt. Heat the steel to be hardened enough to coat it with the paste by immersing it in the composition, after which heat it a cherry red and plunge it into salt water. If properly done the steel will come out with a beautiful white surface. It is said that the best files are hardened in this manner.

Farm and Garden.

VIOLET TREES.—Gardeners in Germany raise little violet trees by preventing the plants from blooming for several years and having them grow upright by removing the lower leaves and shoots. These little trees, about fourteen centimetres high, are very pretty. Some of the gardeners winter as many as twenty-five thousand pots of violets.

MULCHING.—As a general rule, the best mulching for young, or older fruit trees, is a clean, mellow, well-cultivated top soil, but there are some exceptions. Trees may stand in positions where they cannot be subjected to efficient culture, and in such instances mulching a broad circle is a good substitute. The operation is very important for newly-set cherry trees, which often perish when the soil becomes heated and dried in summer by the sun's rays. A good heavy mulching applied in time will prevent any harm.

CABBAGE WORMS.—If you have but a few cabbages, look them over frequently, and, with a pair of sharp scissors, cut all the worms you can find in two. This is sure but rather laborious. Whenever practicable, we recommend the drenching of the heads with strong washing suds, applied judiciously, while hot. This not only destroys the worms and eggs, but also frees the plants from dirt and acts as a strong fertilizer. Another plan: Cover the plants with dry unleached woodashes, using one-half to one shovelful to each plant, according to size. This remedy can easily be applied and will pay from a manurial point of view alone, even if it should not destroy the worms entirely. But we think it will.

THE ANT.—Many of the leading orchard proprietors in northern Italy and southern Germany are cultivators of the common black ant, an insect they hold in high esteem as the fruit grower's best friend. They establish ant hills in their orchards, and leave the police service of their fruit trees entirely to the tiny colonists, which pass all their time in climbing up the stems of the fruit trees, cleansing their boughs and leaves of malefactors, mature as well as embryotic, and descending, laden with spoils, to the ground, where they comfortably consume, or prudently store away, their booty. They never meddle with sound fruit, but only invade such apples, pears, and plums as have already been invaded by the canker, which they remorsely pursue to its fastnesses within the very heart of the fruit. Nowhere are apple and pear trees so free from blight and destructive insects as in the immediate neighborhood of a large ant hill, five or six years old.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
SIXTY-FIRST YEAR.

Important Notice!

☞As many of our subscribers have not yet taken advantage of our New Premium offers, and yet evince a desire to do so, we have decided to extend the time until further notice.

THE NEW PREMIUMS.

Our DIAMANTE BRILLIANT Premiums are giving such universal satisfaction we sincerely want every reader to have at least one of them. In view of their superior quality, beauty, and general excellence, subscribers who call at this office cannot imagine how we can afford such an expensive Premium. In response to many requests, we beg leave to call attention to the following

TERMS TO CLUBS:

1 copy one year with either of the Diamond Premiums..... $2.67
2 copies one year with either of the Diamond Premiums to each..... 5.00
3 copies one year with either of the Diamond Premiums to each..... 7.00

and an extra Diamond Premium to the sender of the club, and for every three subscriptions thereafter at the same rate we will present the sender with an additional Premium. The whole set may be secured in this way without expense, and as each subscriber in the club receives THE POST one year and a Premium, a very little effort among friends and acquaintances should induce them to subscribe. If anyone subscribing for THE POST and New Premium regrets the investment after examination, he has only to return the Premium in good order, and he will receive his money by return mail.

Very Respectfully,
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Change of Address.

Subscribers desiring their address changed, will please give their former postoffice as well as their present address,

How to Remit.

Payment for THE POST when sent by mail should be in Money Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When neither is obtainable, send the money in a registered letter, at our risk. Every postmaster in the country is required to register letters when requested. Failing to receive the paper within a reasonable time after ordering, you will advise us of the fact, and whether you sent cash, check, money order, or registered letter.

To Correspondents.

In every case send us your full name and address, if you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

Address all letters to
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 30, 1881.

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THE CRUELTY OF NEGLECT.

Cruelty is doubtless one of the very worst sins that a man can commit; but what is cruelty? The needless infliction of physical pain, or allowing another to suffer from it when it is within our power to prevent it, is not the only form of cruelty, nor that which causes the greatest misery. Mental torture is as much more intense than bodily anguish as the mind itself is higher in its capacities and experiences than the body. It is through the mind, in fact, that we are sensible of either pain or pleasure, and it is the mind in all cases that either agonizes or enjoys. But the most exquisite of all torture is that in which the physical organization has no part, whether as a direct object or as an intermediary.

There is reason to believe that our boasted civilization allows opportunities for the exercise of a refined barbarity which falls with especial severity upon defenceless women and children, and which the laws cannot be applied or modified to punish or prevent. It is not the man who now and then gets drunk and beats his wife and babes, but who is tender and affectionate when sober, who is the hardest tyrant of a household circle. Many a poor woman could put up with an occasional blow, or even a pretty thorough beating, if it did not come too often, who is made utterly miserable, and at last driven to desperation by a husband who never lays the weight of his finger on her, but who treats her with studied indifference and neglect.

Probably a far larger amount of domestic unhappiness in modern society is due to this severe letting alone than arises from positive brutality and actual violence toward the persons of the weaker members of a family. Of course nothing can be more unmanly than to subject a woman or child to such treatment. It is, nevertheless, by no means uncommon. Exposures in the courts have too often shown how all the light and joy may be banished from a household by the simple method of systematic coolness and contempt. It is a process of freezing out which no perfunctory performance, however complete, of the duty to provide what are known as the necessaries of life, can compensate or render tolerable. Its victims are continually crucified in their affections. Cruelty like this is a vivisection of the soul.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A BOSTON paper discourages those people who are employed in business during eight or ten hours of the day, and then think that they must tire themselves, early and late, in a garden.

—

A HOTEL for hogs is a New York scheme which is about to be realized. A huge building, to cost $60,000, is to be built to receive hogs from the West, and will contain quarters on two floors for their comfort while awaiting slaughter.

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LET no more be said about woman's devotion to fashion when gentlemen find it necessary to have fashion decree what kind of harness their horses shall wear. This summer the mandate has gone forth—light leather lap-robes are to be made to match livery and harness.

—

A COLLEGE founded in London for the purpose of giving special professional training to women intending to be governesses or teachers in higher class schools, has been doing good work for the past three years. It sent twenty four students to the first Teachers' Examination held in Cambridge last year, seventeen of whom passed successfully both in theory and practice of education.

—

THE explosion of the boiler of a steamer while racing with another on the Ohio, and the consequent loss of several lives, shows the need of stricter regulations regarding the inspection of boilers and the running of steamboats. The orders recently issued to steamboat inspectors to enforce the laws on this subject were not uncalled for, and ought to ensure greater protection to the traveling public.

—

AN English scientist considers worry and overwork to be the most important causes of debility. The men, he says, who first enticed women and children into an industrial career, and they who have in later times devised the scheme of competitive examination, have done more to enfeeble the British than can be counterbalanced by the most perfect systems of drainage and ventilation, with the highest and most perfect personal cleanliness superadded.

—

A NOTED lecturer has been speaking in London on "Women and Politics." She said that one evening, twenty years ago, a few ladies interested in the welfare of their sex discussed the various things which women could do. They counted the various employments to which she could devote herself until they came to the eleventh, when they had to stand still. The same ladies, meeting after the lapse of time, made a similar calculation, but this time found that no less than 287 different employments were open to women.

—

ONE letter out of every 300 sent is unclaimed in the office to which it goes. One letter in every 283 sent turns up at the dead letter office. One letter out of every 8,100 sent is held for postage at the office of mailing—and this amounts to nearly 300,000 in a year. More than 200,000 letters every year are insufficiently addressed. Ten thousand letters posted this year bore no superscription whatever. These letters often contain remittances of great value. More than 200,000 foreign letters fail to reach the persons to whom they are addressed.

—

THE *Scientific American* says that about 175 patents have so far been granted for inventions relating to electricity in this country, and about 300 more applications thereon are now pending. When we consider the large number of patents now existing for telegraphing instruments, telephones, alarms, electrical batteries, switches, and other divisions of electrical devices, it will readily be understood that the Patent Office at Washington is rapidly becoming a great storehouse of novelties relating to electricity, and that this branch of invention is already one of extraordinary magnitude.

—

DURING the Revolution in France the Assembly took upon itself the education of the Dauphin. Poor King Louis complained in vain that he should not be allowed to dictate the education of his own child; but individual feelings, or rights of nature in a monarch, were things that the revolutionists of France took no account of. A king or a prince was with them only a piece of machinery to be fashioned and used as they pleased, and, accordingly, to manufacture a prince answerable to their ideas, the Assembly piled on the poor boy's head a crowd of teachers, enough to drive any child mad. There we no less than 68 preceptors of one kind or another.

—

RESEARCHES among the pastors and treasurers of New England churches show that about two-thirds of the churches pay their ministers promptly and in full, while one third attend to the business on the "go-as-you-please" method. In many cases, especially in the country and in small towns, the pay is small, and the ministers, even if promptly paid what is agreed upon, have to study the virtues of the narrowest economy. The donation-party nuisance prevails to a limited extent, but by no means so widely as in former years. It has been found a most unsatisfactory and expensive way of supplementing the manners of people who try to starve their pastor on half salary and make up to him the rest out of alleged donations of merchandise he does not want.

—

THE *London Lancet*, the highest English medical authority, lifts up its voice against the cramming and competitive system. "The mere accumulation of what is called brain knowledge," it says, "is not brain training, but brain burdening, and may easily be pushed to the extreme of brain straining, with the result of a complete and ruinous breakdown. This is especially likely to arise when, as often happens, there has been little or no wise training in early boyhood, and the mind and memory are severely taxed for examination purposes later in youth." This truth may take thirty or forty years to get through the heads of conservative routinists, but it will penetrate them in time, and future generations at any rate will get the benefit of it.

—

THIS is the age of experiments in the direction of economical living. A new scheme is on foot in a Massachusetts town, by which it is proposed to cover a considerable piece of land with handsome houses, which are to be without either kitchens or cooks. It is proposed to erect a dining-room in the centre of the grounds, at which all persons occupying the buildings will take their meals, the tables to be arranged in family groups, and private dining-rooms to befurnished to such as desire them. The great defect in all these schemes is, that at some point the seclusion and privacy which are the charm of home-life, are inevitably sacrificed. Nevertheless; all such experiments are likely to bear some good fruit in the practical working out of the problem of living, which is the one question which every generation must answer for itself.

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THE editor of a certain religious paper went to the commencement exercises of Princeton College, and saw, among other things, the services in the gymnasium. He saw eleven students twist themselves under and over a horizontal bar. Then he saw three students painfully essaying to climb a pole. After this he gazed upon twelve students who tumbled in various directions and made pyramids of themselves. Then several students astonished him by turning aerial somersaults on the double rings, while others risked their lives by dangling in mid-air on the double trapeze, and performing flying trapeze tricks, to the great delight of the ladies. The editor was not altogether pleased with these feats of graceful skill, although he thought them both marvelous and attractive. His criticism is to the effect that he thinks this system of training "rather preparatory to the circus ring than to strengthening and developing the body for the regular duties of life." It must be borne in mind that these trapeze exercises and kindred athletic efforts are not practised in connection with theological training, but that this gymnasium belongs to the college, which is a secular school of learning.

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"WHAT is life?" some one asked a famous writer. His answer is one of the most charming things ever written: "The present life is sleeping and waking; it is 'good morning' on getting up; it is to wonder what the day will bring forth; it is rain on the window when one sits by the fire; it is to walk in the garden and see the flowers, and hear the birds sing; it is to hear news from east, west, north and south; it is to read old books and new books; it is to see pictures and hear music; it is to have Sundays; it is to have breakfast, dinner, and tea; it is to belong to a town, and have neighbors, and to become one in a circle of acquaintances; it is to have friends and love; it is to have sight of dear old faces; and it is to know themselves thought of many times a day, in many places, by many children and grand-children, and a large number of friends."

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THE inherent flunkeyism of London society was curiously illustrated last week. It was determined to hold a fancy fair for the benefit of the Women's Hospital, and Princesses, great ladies, and professional beauties all agreed to keep stalls in fancy dresses. The crowd which rushed to see them was so great that, in spite of the vast proportions of the building, entrance and exit took hours; it was impossible to move about, and difficult to see. Once or twice it was thought prudent to close the doors, to prevent a catastrophe. No one obtained any pleasure, and most returned fatigued, head-achy, ill-tempered, and with a few ridiculous trifles, purchased at exorbitant prices; but they had enjoyed a sight of the great ladies in preposterous costumes. That delight, however, was so sufficient that the fair yielded $42,000, and the experiment is to be repeated for another hospital.

—

A RECENT writer gives us an idea of the experience one may have in trying to get his natural sleep in variously-populated India: What would some of our readers think, while lying quietly in bed beneath the inevitable mosquito net, if they were to see gazing intently from the ceiling right above a long, green lizard and a centipede, challenging each other to mortal combat; the centipede loses his hold, drops down on the net, and whips under the bed; you involuntarily shut your mouth quickly, and turn over on your face, wondering whether or not he went down your throat or under the bed; you next closely scrutinize the horizon line of the mattress, and not being gifted with power to see but one spot at a time, you pivot around on your knees with a pillow upraised ready to smash him the moment you see his eye peering over the edge—but he comes not. Your attention is next called to a half-hundred large black bugs, which are indulging in a game of lawn tennis on the floor, when in steps a bandicoot, a rat as big as a prairie dog, and devours this whilom party.

—

THE tide of immigration to this country continues, with no indication of an ebb. During May 117,000 arrived, and the total arrivals for the eleven months ending June 1st were upwards of half a million. A single week in June brought over 11,000. If the ratio of increase for the past thirty years continues, the year 1900 will give us a population of 100,000,000. A prominent London paper estimates the average emigrant as equivalentt in capital, or capital-producing force, to $1,000—an estimate worth quoting, since it may relieve the apprehensions of some people who are in great distress over this tide of immigration. The immigration from Switzerland and from Germany has especially increased, though the ratio of increase has been largest from Italy. The Swiss and German emigrants come mostly furnished with some means, and with what is better than money—energy and industry. The German steamers are with difficulty able to provide for all applicants. It has been publicly stated in the *Reichstag* that the exodus from Germany in May was the greatest for years.

LOVE AT SEA.

Love hath wandered o'er the waves
  Full of laughter, full of guile,
Now to syrens in their caves
  Teaching many a song and wile;
Now, on moonlit waters calm,
  Rocks the urchin in a shell;
Now, to isles of gold and balm,
  Waving with the feathery palm,
  Guides his caravel.
Love hath gone to sea—no more
  Let him come on shore.

Love hath flown on noiseless wing
  Where the ship at anchor lies;
Soon from its unerring string
  Through the sail his arrow flies.
Oft around its slumbering crew
  Pleasant fantasies he weaves—
Dreams of maidens fair and true,
Singing lone the summer through,
  Hid in bowers of leaves.
Love hath gone to sea—no more
  Let him come on shore.

Love hath roamed the earth too long,
  With his quiver full of fire,
Ruling all things, weak and strong,
  Sword and sceptre, pen and lyre,
Fittest is the ocean wild,
  With its hours of changing tide,
Empire for the fickle child,
Now so cunning—now so mild—
  Now elate with pride.
Love shall rule the sea—no more
  Let him come on shore.

"HELD IN HONOR."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," "LADY HUTTON'S WARD," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A CHANGE that every one remarked had come over John Bardon. He had grown quiet and almost gentle. There was always an expression of deep thought on his face. Even the children failed at times to amuse him. The little heir tried his best, and baby Richard clapped his hands with glee when in his father's presence; but John Bardon smiled upon the children in an absent fashion. He was haunted by a ghost; and it was the ghost of Lady Iris.

As she stood before him that evening some little time back, with her long black draperies and pale face, so he had seen her ever since. His revenge had done him no good; he had lost his best friend—Allan Osburn—and he had blighted the life of Lady Iris and driven her from home and the gay world.

"It would have been better," he thought, "if, in my anger, I had killed her outright; it would have been more merciful, as she said herself."

People wondered how it was that the millionaire's son had lost his spirits, his cheery manner. Some said that he was not happy in his marriage, others that he had met with a grievous disappointment; but no one guessed that it was gratified vengeance which preyed upon his mind and made him miserable.

Richard Bardon and his wife were only too pleased to accept the invitation of Lady Avice; it was, they agreed, exceedingly kind of her to remember them. But, although they had found Lady Iris proud, they missed the beautiful face from their midst, they missed the grand hospitality of Chandos and the genial kindness of the Earl.

It was on the third morning of his visit that Richard Bardon remarked what a difference the closing of Chandos made to the county.

"Why do the Earl and his daughter remain away so long?" he asked of his son, John Bardon, who flushed deeply and made no reply.

"Lady Iris was not well," said Lady Avice, coming to her husband's assistance; "and the Earl thought a change would be good for her."

"Still I cannot see why they should stay in that dull spot in the North," continued the millionaire. "I am told that Fenton Woods is a pretty place, but as dull as ditch-water."

Lady Avice arched her brows at the word "ditch-water."

"Lady Iris was very proud; but I liked her," Richard Bardon went on; "and we miss her handsome face. She was very offhand and lofty in her ways, but she was pleasant to look at."

"Handsome is that handsome does," put in Lady Avice; and the millionaire bowed deferentially.

"Certainly, my dear; it is just as you say," replied the millionaire. It began to dawn upon him that praise of a pretty woman would hardly afford pleasure to a plain one.

Some weeks afterwards the wedding took place, and Marie thought herself the happiest woman in the world. How long and how dearly she had loved Sir Fulke none but herself knew. She had never even dreamed of winning his love—he was so handsome and seemed so far above her; and then any one could see that he loved Lady Iris. But, when it was known that Lady Iris had refused him, she took heart of grace, and, when he returned, made herself very attractive to him. She believed in the truth that many a heart is caught in the rebound. Every time he met her Sir Fulke became more and more charmed with her. She had such excellent qualities, he told himself. He said to her laughingly one day—

"My mother says you manage me so well, Marie; is it true?"

"What do you think about it yourself, Sir Fulke?" she asked.

"I do not quite know, I am sure if the masculine mind has a clear idea as to what the word 'manage,' so used, may mean. Certainly your ways with me are very pleasant; and, if that means management, I am quite content."

The wedding was a grand one—one of the grandest on record in the county; and it turned out to be a very happy marriage. Not many months after it had taken place, the Government again tendered Richard Bardon a baronetage, and he accepted it.

"Are you proud of it, John?" asked the newly-made Baronet of his son.

"Of course I am, sir," he replied; but to himself he owned that neither that nor anything else had power to make him happy in this world again.

The Earl still remained with his daughter at Fenton Woods, and the world of fashion saw nothing of them.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WHILE Sir Richard Bardon and his comfortable spouse, lived the happiest of lives, free from all care and anxiety—while John Bardon, the most miserable of men, did his best to make himself content with his worldly-wise, shrewd, plain-faced wife—while Sir Fulke and Lady Clyffarde grew happier every day—while Lady Iris, with the Earl, lived in seclusion at Fenton Woods—great events were happening in India.

A story had come over the seas which was so heroic that the hearts of men beat fast when they heard of it, and women did not try to hide their tears. Throughout the land the one topic of conversation was the bravery of Allan Osburn.

Sir Richard Bardon read the story, and his proudest boast for the rest of his life was that he knew the 'hero of Surata.' John Bardon read it and regreted more than ever that he had lost such a friend. When Sir Fulke read it, he said to his wife—

"You knew him, Marie. You saw him at Hyne Court. I envy you! He is a hero!"—and, as he uttered the word, he though of Lady Iris. "This is the kind of man she would have loved." And he wondered whether in the seclusion of her Northern home she would read the story which was thrilling almost every heart.

Lord Caledon read it in the newspapers, and was in doubt whether he should destroy them or give them to his daughter to read. At length he decided to give them to her, and she read the story of Allan Osburn's bravery.

The English settlement at Surata, in Northern India, had been for some time comparatively free from the attacks of the neighboring hillmen. Several regiments were stationed there, and with them were a number of women and children. Rumors of an impending attack reached the authorities at Surata. The hillmen had sworn that the English settlement should be destroyed—that they would slay the children and carry the women off into captivity; and the terrified women had prayed that they might be slain by their own countrymen rather than fall into the hands of the enemy.

A consultation was held by those in command. There was no means of making a prolonged defence—whenever the attack came, it would almost be a hand-to-hand fight, and numbers perhaps would gain the victory. The first thing to be done was to get the women and children out of the way. This did not seem very difficult. Fort George, which was well garrisoned and almost impregnable, was but a day's march from Surata; the women and children would be safe there, and there they must be placed.

"I am no alarmist," said Captain Osburn at the military council, "and I am, I hope, a tender-hearted man; but I would rather our women and children were slain by us than that they should fall into the hands of the enemy. If you will allow me, I will undertake to escort them and place them in safety in Fort George, or die in the attempt."

His dauntless mien inspired his hearers with courage and hope. After a little while it was decided that he, with a body of picked men, should escort the women and children, with a number of invalid soldiers, to the fort.

It was almost pitiable to see the procession that left Surata—the wagons filled with women and children, with helpless invalids and wounded. They were surrounded by a band of efficient men under the young soldier's command.

They started at dawn, and all good wishes went with them.

The party proceeded quietly and without interruption for some time, the silence disturbed only by the tramp of men and horses, the cries of children, and the words of command. The golden sunshine grew warmer, and the faint breath of wind that had come with the dawn grew fainter, and then died.

Captain Osburn went to the wagons from time to time to speak encouragingly to the women. He had kind words for the children, and sympathetic words for the invalids.

At noon, when the heat was intense, they halted in a valley. They had not been there long when a scout came in and told Captain Osburn that a large body of the enemy was at some little distance. Allan's first care was to place the women and children, the sick and the wounded, in safety; and it was no light task. They were lifted out of the wagons, which were then drawn up round them, forming a barricade. If silence could be preserved for a time at least, and aid procured from Fort George, all would yet be well. Captain Osburn told his men not to let the women know of the danger.

"Do your best to keep perfect silence," he said; "and we must let them know at Fort George."

One of the soldiers, who had served for several years in India, asked—

"But who will go to Fort George?" he asked. "The chances are that a man will be riddled with bullets before he has gone half a mile."

"I will," answered Captain Osburn. "My conduct may be set down as something like a breach of the Queen's Regulations; but I have staked my life on the safety of those under my charge, and I will give it if needful. If attacked, you can defend yourselves for some hours," he added. "I will make the best of my way to Fort George, give warning, and return speedily with help."

"But if you are shot on the way, Captain?" said the soldier who had spoken before. He knew even better than his young officer the dangers of the Indian hills.

"I have faith in One above," answered Allan reverently. "I am going to try to save the lives of these innocent women and children, and Heaven protects those who go forth on such errands. Sergeant Adams"—calling one of the non-commissioned officers to him—"you will command the detachment in my absence—I am going to ride forward for assistance. If I do not return, you must try at nightfall to reach the fort. Comrades all, I bid you good-bye for a little while!"

He mounted his horse and then gave his last command—

"Keep perfect silence and wait in patience!"

He rode softly through the valley, and presently reached a white, sterile, narrow plain between the hills. The heat made him feel faint; but he thought of the women and children whose lives were in danger, and nerved himself to his task.

Mile after mile, as fast as he could urge his gallant horse, he rode with fearless mien and dauntless heart, drops of moisture falling from his brow like rain. On he dashed through the fiery heat, for the lives of women and children and helpless men were at stake. He knew that he must have gone more than half the distance now, and there had been no sign of the foe.

Suddenly there was a flash of a gun, and from the hills on either side he saw men coming down in dozens toward him. There was a line of them drawn across the road that led to the fort, and he knew that he must cut his way through that line or be slain in the attempt.

A loud cry came from the hills and shouts from the line of men drawn across the white road. Death was in front of him, behind him, all round him. He breathed a brief prayer. There was a shout from a hundred throats, a cheer from his own, and then Allan's horse dashed madly forward into the midst of the foe.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

I CAN die but once, and I am ready to die now," thought Allan Osburn, as right and left he cut down his dusky enemies.

He dealt a fierce blow that rid him of his most dangerous antagonist, and then he was speeding along the plain again. He was within sight of Fort George; in five minutes he should have help.

But the hillmen were following him; and, as they could not keep pace with his horse, they flung stones, knives, anything that was at hand, after him. A large dagger thrown at random made a terrible wound in his horse's flank, under which he staggered and his pace slackened. The tribesmen rushed after Allan with redoubled cries, and one got near enough to give him a wound that slashed his face almost from brow to chin. The blood streamed out in a torrent; there was a cheer from the hillmen, and Allan gave himself up for lost.

"Oh, Heaven, spare me to save the women and children!"

Spurring his horse repeatedly, the wounded animal made a desperate effort and quickened its pace. In three minutes more the fort was reached, the gates were opened, and the hillmen, unable to cope with a trained military force, fell back. As the guard dashed out, Allan's horse fell, quivering convulsively, and the next instant was dead.

"Send help at once to Surata Valley; women and children are there!" cried Allan faintly; and then he became insensible.

Those who raised him and wiped the blood from his face thought he was dead as well as his horse

Gradually it dawned upon them that he had ridden through the very ranks of his foes to save the lives of those in the valley. As the danger he had run grew clearer to them, their wonder increased.

While he still lay senseless, a large force proceeded from the fort to the place designated. And, when the whole party were brought into the fort in safety, loud were the cheers that were sent up for their brave deliverer. Soon however the women, and even some of the men, cried when they heard that he lay with his face cut open—lay at the point of death.

For many months Allan Osburn lay struggling with death. At last he began slowly to recover; but by the time he was able to walk about again the outbreak among the hillmen was practically quelled, and he, being unfit for service, was ordered home.

Hundreds gathered to meet him on his return. He was on deck when the vessel came into port, and as he looked round him he wondered why the people were cheering so heartily.

He did not know that the story of his brave deed had preceded him, and had been discussed throughout the land.

He did not know that from the Queen to the lowliest subject a cordial welcome awaited him.

When he did know it, when cheers from hundreds of throats greeted him, when a crowd, mad with excitement, almost carried him to the Royal Hotel, his dark face grew pale with emotion, and he said to those near him—

"I did no more than my duty, and I would do what I have done again. Life is no life unless it be held with honor."

The words that he had used struck him a sharper blow than even foeman's steel. Would the woman he had loved so madly hear of what he had done? Would she be pleased with him, and perhaps repent over so little that she had sent him away?

A greater surprise awaited him in the hotel. He found there all the officers of his old regiment, the same men who had declined to associate with him because he was a draper's son, and who had wished him to leave their regiment.

They were there to a man to greet him, to welcome him, to tell him how proud they were of him because of his bravery; and they looked with tender admiring eyes at the red scar across the dark handsome face.

Honors were heaped upon Allan. He was promoted and presented with the Victoria Cross. Further honors were in store for him, he was told, when he had regained his health and strength.

He remained in London for a time, and, while he was there, he went to one of the theatres.

Not thinking of himself, but engrossed in the novelty of the scene, he never dreamed that people would recognize him.

He could not understand the sudden murmur that rose and grew until the whole house rang with cheers for Major Osburn. Such an ovation was perhaps never given before. It overwhelmed him, and he was obliged to go away.

He said to himself that he must leave London. He was followed wherever he went; he was the 'lion' of the day, and ladies were enraptured with him.

He longed with his whole heart to go down to Chandos, not with any hope, but to look once more at the place where he had passed the happiest hours of his life.

He read one day in the *Morning Post* that the Earl of Caledon and his daughter Lady Iris were still staying at Fenton Woods. And it seemed to him a strange coincidence that the letter she had written to him, which had reached his club after he had sailed for India, and which had been traveling about ever since, was put in his hands on the very same day.

He read her story—how she had no foundation for her pride in her ancient lineage, how her mother had been a governess, the daughter of a poor artist.

He read words that made his heart beat as it had not beaten when he had dashed into the midst of the Indian hillmen; they were—

"If I had known this, I should never have sent you away."

That letter had been traveling about while he had been seeking death in India and had not found it, and she had received no answer. His silence must have led her to conclude that he no longer cared for her.

Oh, if he could but fly! Fenton Woods was in the North. How long would it take him to reach it from London? Alas, the quickest train took many hours to perform the journey! He procured a *Bradshaw*. Stainer was the nearest station to Fenton. An express train left Euston Square for Stainer at a very early hour, and reached its destination in the afternoon. He should be compelled to wait for that.

How the night passed he could not tell. Morning came at last, and he had soon made all necessary preparations. He was at Euston Square half an hour before the time, waiting for the train; and, when he was seated in it, he thought steam must have lost its power, the train seemed to go so slowly. How would she look? What would she say to him? Would she be pleased or angry? He asked himself these questions over and over again, and was not able to answer one.

* * * * * *

The little incident that had happened at the theatre when it was discovered that the hero of Surata, as Major Osburn was called, was present was told in nearly all the newspapers; and Lord Caledon read it to Lady Iris.

"It delights me, Iris," he said; "it brings the old days of chivalry back again. If I have to travel three hundred miles to shake hands with him, I shall do it. He will not come here—that is certain."

"No, I am sure he will not," she replied in a melancholy tone. "I should like to see him once again though, papa; but I suppose I never shall. I have talked a great deal about heroes, but I never thought, I should know one. Papa, give me the Mail, and let me read the story for myself."

It was the end of autumn then, a fair fruitful autumn. The sun shone with warmth and the flowers were still fair. She walked, with the newspaper in her hands, down to a little river that ran through the woods. It was her favorite resort, because it reminded her of the river Rille. The long months of quite and seclusion, the fresh bracing air, the exercise, the early hours, the freedom from all care, had given a new and fresh hue to her face. The light in her eyes was deeper, her complexion was of the most dainty and delicate hue, her

beautiful figure had more of the fulness of womanhood.

She sat down by the river-side. A broad hat shaded her face; and she reclined on the grass as she read and re-read every word of the incident at the theatre. Her tears fell upon the paper. This was the man she had dismissed because his parentage was not equal to her own. What weak vain pride it seemed to her now that she knew that her own mother had had to work hard for her daily bread!

She read on, all unconscious that while the afternoon sun was shining over the woodlands a carriage had driven rapidly up to the Hall. A tall bronzed man alighted from it and was received with a hearty welcome by the kindly Earl.

"I am like the moth, Lord Caledon," he said. "I return to the taper, even though the flame of it consumes me. You will let me see Lady Iris?"

"When you have talked to me for a few minutes and have taken some refreshment, you shall seek her," replied the Earl. "She has gone for a stroll by the river. Now let me shake hands with you again and welcome you home."

Half an hour afterwards Allan was walking with rapid steps toward the river, to which the Earl had shown him the way. As he drew near, he saw through the trees a woman's dress, and then Lady Iris's face bent over a newspaper. He could not control himself, though he tried hard to do so; he gave one cry, dashed across the long grass, and the next moment was by her side. He fell upon his knees, and, clasping her hands in his, bent over them.

For a few moments she was unable to speak; then she withdrew her hands gently and raised her face. Their eyes met, and he knew that he had nothing now to fear.

"My darling!" he cried; and then words failed him. He was still weak, and he trembled and grew pale. "My darling," he repeated, "I never hoped to see you again in this world!"

"Did you receive my letter?" asked Iris.

"Not until yesterday. Had I read it before, I should have come to you at once; it has been traveling about after me, and the wonder is that it has reached me at all. My darling, I have devoured every sweet word in it. What have you to say to me, Iris?"

"Welcome home, Allan," she whispered—"welcome home!"

"And those are the sweetest words I have ever heard," he said. And then he added, "Iris, you have gloves on."

"Of course I have," she returned wonderingly.

"Will you let me take this one off?" he asked.

She held out her little hand to him smilingly.

He took the pretty hand in his and began to draw off the glove; then, as the white slender fingers came to light, he saw the ring he had given to her. He kissed it and her hand.

"Do you remember what you told me, Iris, when I placed that ring there?"

"Yes," she said, with flushed face and drooping eyes.

"If I found you without it, I should know that you had forgotten me; but, if I found you wearing it, I should know that you cared for me still. Oh, my darling, is that true?"

"Yes, quite true. I have always cared for you and for no one else. It was my foolish pride that sent you away, not myself—you know that, Allan—and my pride has been cruelly punished, has it not?"

"I do not think so, Iris. If your father the Earl could have loved your mother so dearly, she must surely have been worthy of your love."

"It is not quite that, Allan; the blow was because all the theories of my life were upset. But we will not discuss it."

"Tell me, my darling," he said—"finding this ring on your finger, may I hope that you will keep the promise you made me when I put it on? Oh, Iris, I have loved you, have suffered for you, and have courted death for you! I was almost beside myself with delight when I found there was a chance of winning you. Oh, my beloved, say that you will be mine!"

The next moment she was in his arms, her fair head resting on his breast, and she was telling him that she was not worthy of his great love.

"I know best, my darling," he said; "and I thank Heaven that I have won you. You will be my queen, and I shall be content to be always your faithful, loyal subject."

They were married a few weeks afterwards at the beautiful old church in King's Forest, and such a wedding had never been seen there before. Lady Bardon presented the bride with a superb India shawl, Lady Avice gave her a diamond brooch, Lady Clyffarde—the dowager, as she delighted to call herself—a superb suite of coral ornaments, and Sir Fulke and his wife a magnificent dressing-bag. Every friend was present except John Bardon, and he went to Paris while the wedding festivities lasted. It was many years before he dared to address them; but Major Osburn forgave him at last, knowing why he had sinned.

Chandos was filled with visitors. Such gaiety, such real happiness, such brilliant magnificence, had never been seen there before.

On the night before the marriage Allan and Lady Iris stood before the picture of Sir Lancelot.

"I might have known," she said, "that I should marry some one who resembled this picture. I have loved it always, as though it were something living."

." He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott,"'"

repeated Allan. "We shall both love it now, Iris."

The Earl said to his daughter as he bade her good night on her wedding-eve—

"We have found one who will hold our name with honor, Iris, and even add honor to it."

She kissed him lovingly for the kindly words.

Major Osburn had insisted that he himself should give his beautiful bride her wedding bouquet.

"May your life, my darling, be as bright and sweet as the flowers you carry!" he said when he had handed it to her.

On looking at the bouquet, she saw in it a spray of almond blossom; she pulled it out and trampled it under her feet.

"Why do you do that?" he asked, with a smile.

"The almond blossom once held a secret of mine," she replied.

But between these two who loved each other so well there was never a secret again.

[THE END.]

A Trust Renewed.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

LISTEN, Maud. Listen!"

Ernest Brinsley stood with one hand upon the shoulder of his beautiful sister, while the other was raised in an attitude of expectation.

Floating on the still night air—their clangor softened by the distance—for the old church steeple was quite a mile away—came the sweet jangling of the bells that were ringing out a farewell to the old year that "lay a dying."

It was on a broad veranda, overlooking a spacious garden, that Maud Brinsley and brother stood that New Year's Eve.

The air was frosty, but not a breath of wind stirred the leaves of the laurel-trees below, while high up in the sky an almost full moon poured forth a flood of silvery lustre.

"Listen!" said Ernest again, in his deep, grave voice. "In a few moments now the past year, with all its joys and sorrows will be ended," he said.

There was silence for a few moments and then he said—

"Will you, Maud, allow another year to find you still harsh, unforgiving, and implacable? Bernard——"

"Do not name him!" cried his sister, vehemently, though her voice shook a little. "Ernest, you plead in vain. I can never forgive him!"

"Think once again. Remember he is my friend. Yes, although he has given you good cause for your resentment, I call him still my friend. How much he deplores that one rash act, and all the consequences that have flowed from it, I know full well. And, Maud, my sister, he loves you—loves you still."

Maud did not attempt to speak when her brother paused, but she made an impatient gesture.

"I repeat it, Maud, he loves you still; and incredulous as you may be, he has always loved you. See him once more—let him with his own lips plead for your forgiveness. It will be hard, I know, for you to overlook the past—I know that well. But the year is dying, Maud; let your resentment die with it! Let us in good truth welcome the advent of a happy New Year!"

"No, no!" she said, slowly; "it is impossible! We are parted, and so we must remain!"

She shivered as she spoke.

"Maud, you are cold. Let me fetch you another wrap."

"I will not be a moment, she said, quitting his side hastily. "I can fetch a cloak, and be back almost directly."

It was not the cold, however, that made her shiver, but the recollections of the past that thronged upon her; and she hurried off to fetch the cloak herself, in order that she might have an opportunity to recover her equanimity, and steel her heart to listen unmoved to her brother's further pleadings.

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No sooner had the door closed than Ernest took a sudden step forward, and leaned over the iron railings of the balcony.

"Bernard!" he cried, in a suppressed voice—"Bernard!"

At the summons a dusky figure stepped out of the shadow of a clump of laurels, where he had been standing unobserved, and paused in the garden walk below.

"You have heard all?" said Ernest, interrogatively.

"All!"

He spoke in deep dejection.

"If you could plead your own cause," said Ernest, "you might have a chance; and see, fortune favors you strangely. Come gently up the steps, and stand here in my place—here, near this pillar. In the shadow she will not for the moment notice the exchange, then will be your opportunity; make the best you can of it. Quick! she comes!"

A wild hope sprang up suddenly in the lover's breast, and influenced by it, he hurriedly ascended the stone steps. Hardly had he taken up the requisite position and Ernest disappeared, ere the door opened and Maud came forth.

* * * * * *

Brief as had been her absence, yet Maud told herself it had been sufficient for her to conquer the weakness which had assailed her.

She was calm now—she was sure she was quite calm—though the palms of her hands were burning and her eyes ached.

But she would hear no more upon the subject—about that she was determined.

As she opened the door she looked across the veranda where she had left her brother standing, and there of course she thought she saw him still.

In her hands she carried a large white scarf, and hastening forward, she threw it round the neck of the silent figure, while in a tone of gaiety, which only served to display instead of conceal her emotion, she said—

"Here, Ernest, is a wrap for you! If you will be so absurd as to stand out here listening to the old church bells, you must protect yourself from the cold as well as myself, and—ah——"

A cry—almost a scream—burst from her lips.

She had discovered her mistake. She tried to fly, but she found her hands grasped so tightly that any effort at extrication would be futile.

"Help!" she cried. "Release me, sir. Let go this moment! Ernest! where are you? Let go, I say!"

"Maud—Miss Brinsley," said Bernard, in those deep, thrilling tones of his, "I cannot—indeed I cannot—let you go! Stay one moment?"

"Release me?" was all she said.

With a stifled groan he obeyed her. She was free.

But her arms dropped down to her side; and after taking one hasty step towards the door, she paused.

At that instant the church bells ceased with startling suddenness their clanging peal. The hour of midnight had almost come.

Trembling in every limb, with her heart beating almost to suffocation, anxious to flee, yet feeling it impossible to move, she stood spell-bound, as it seemed, by the solemn stillness all around.

"Maud," said Bernard, brokenly, "the bells have done; they will not ring again till the New Year comes. The duration of the old year may now be reckoned by minutes—nay, seconds. Surely this should be a time for me to invoke all the gentlest feelings of your nature! By the love you once had for me, do not, oh! do not condemn me to another year of misery and woe! I am here, an almost heart-broken suppliant, and my sole reliance is on woman's forgiving spirit. I have wronged you, Maud; I confess it with grief, with shame. But how bitterly I have repented of that act of folly none can know except myself—none except myself; for could you guess how bitter, how sincere has been my repentance, you would at least have pity for me, if not forgiveness. Do not leave me, Maud; do not crush me with despair. Ere the New Year comes let me hear one word of forgiveness—only one—and I will be content."

Great as was the wrong this man had done her, Maud felt that the love which all her efforts had been in vain to cast out was still dominant in her breast, and urging her to crush down that resentment which she had thought she must ever bear towards him.

Her brain whirled; she felt sick and faint; and then came the solemn strokes of the old church clock striking the hour of twelve.

"In another moment," said Bernard, "it will be too late! Maud—Maud! Forgive—forgive!"

One after the other came the strokes upon the clock until the twelfth was reached, and then for a few seconds, which seemed like an age to those two on the veranda, there was again that impressive silence.

Maud put her hands to her throat—she felt choking. She tried to speak, but not even a murmur issued from her lips. Down on his knees sank Bernard; with outstretched hand he grasped her dress, and turned his anguished gaze upon her.

What did he see? Could it be real? A mist came over his eyes, and then he felt a trembling hand touch his, while a voice in the faintest whisper murmured:

"Forgiven! Yes—yes Bernard! Forgiven!"

"At last!"

With one spring he was on his feet, and pressing the loved one in those arms which he had feared would never encircle her again.

Then with a wild, mad peal, the New Year's chimes rang out upon the frosty air. Now low, then high, and anon falling into a softer cadence, but speaking to Bernard's ears with joy ineffable.

And now Maud clung to him, while she sobbed and cried with hysterical violence!

"Thank you, darling!" said Bernard, huskily. "Thank you for those words! This is indeed a happy—happy New Year's day for me! Speak again, darling! Tell me once more that I am forgiven?"

"Forgiven!" sobbed Maud. "Forgiven freely; and what is more, the past—the dreadful past, which even now makes me shudder as I think about it—that shall be wholly and absolutely forgotten as well as forgiven! I will never speak of it—never allude to it in any way. Promise me that no mention of that subject shall ever be made again!"

"Heaven bless you, Maud! I fain would speak; for if you knew all, you would find some pity for me!"

"No, no—not a word! Not one! We have both suffered—but the suffering is over now."

"And you will trust me again?"

"Absolutely and entirely! I have always felt that I could never do so, but love conquers, and I know now that you are as dear to me as you ever were!"

Again and again did Bernard clasp the generous woman to his heart, and when she heard his vows, uttered with an impressiveness that left no doubt of their sincerity, she felt indeed that out of evil cometh good.

And with a soft and gentle step Ernest stole away unperceived, unheard. He felt that he could not yet intrude upon that scene of reconciliation and trust renewed.

ABOUT LOTTERIES.—The first lottery on record in an English-speaking country took place in England, in 1569. The harbors of the whole line of coast were out of repair, and the only mode of procuring money was by lottery. The prizes were partly in money and partly in silver plate, and the profits to be applied to the above purposes. But the drawing was a very important task; and as 400,000 lots were to be drawn, night and day for nearly four months were the people kept in a state of excitement. The time occupied must have been somewhat tedious; and as this was the first lottery, and there was but three offices in London, it is supposed that the drawing of that period bore the same proportion to the drawing at a latter time that the coaches then bore to the railroads now. In 1612 another lottery was allowed for the benefit of the Virginia colonies, in this country, in which a tailor gained the largest prize of $5,000. But thus early was it found that lotteries and demoralization went hand in hand. Sanctioned by the State as a means of gain, they were found equally profitable to private individuals; and the town teemed with schemes which brought wretchedness and ruin in their train. In March, 1620, however, they were suspended by an order in council; but it was only a suspension, and the evil was at once more revised by Charles I, who, to assist a project of conveying water to London, granted a lottery towards its expenses. These things the first Charles allowed as a boon to those whom he could reward in no other way. It was vain for censors to preach, divines to sermonize, or the House of Commons to legislate. In 1772, lottery magazine proprietors, lottery tailors, lottery staymakers, lottery glovers, lottery hatmakers, lottery tea merchants, lottery snuff and tobacco merchants, lottery barbers—where a man, for beign shaved and paying threepence, stood a chance of receiving £200—lottery shoeblacks, lottery eating houses—where for sixpence, a plate of meat and the chance of sixty guineas was given—lottery oyster stalls—where threepence gave a supply of oysters and a remote chance of five guineas—were plentiful; and, to complete a catalogue which speaks volumes, at a sausage stall in a narrow alley was the important information written up, that for one farthing's worth of sausages the fortunate purchaser might realize a capital of five shillings. The eagerness of the populace grew with the opportunity. The newspapers teemed with proposals; and the rage for gambling reigned uncontrolled. Every ravenous adventurer who could collect a few articles advertised a lottery. Shopkeepers, compelled by the decrease of business, took the hint, and disposed of their goods in lottery. Ordinary business among the lower tradesmen was greatly suspended. Purchasers refused to give the full price for that which might be obtained for nothing. Large profits were procured upon worthless articles; and in 1709, so great was the eagerness to subscribe to a state lottery, that Mercer's Hall was literally crowded with customers, and the clerks were insufficient to record the influx of names. It was, however, from those which were termed "little goes"—which drew the last penny from the pockets of the poor man—which saw the father gamble and the daughter starving, the mother purchasing tickets and the child crying for bread—that most evil arose.

THE SPIRIT OF THE OAK.—An old writer says: A certain man called Rhœcus, observing an old oak ready to fall, and being moved with a sort of compassion towards the tree, ordered his servants to pour in fresh earth at the roots of it, and set it upright. The Hamadryad, or nymph, who must necessarily have perished with the tree, appeared to him the next day, and after having returned him her thanks, told him she was ready to grant whatever he could ask. As she was extremely beautiful, Rhœcus asked that he might be entertained as her lover. The Hamadryad, not much displeased with the request, promised to give him a meeting but commanded him for some days to abstain from the witcheries of other and mortal maidens, adding that she would send a bee to him to let him know when he was to see her. Rhœcus was, it seems, too much addicted to gaming, and happened to be in a run of ill-luck when the faithful bee came buzzing about him, so instead of minding his kind invitation, he had liked to have killed him for his pains. The Hamadryad was so provoked at her own disappointment and the ill-usage of her messenger, that she deprived Rhœcus of the use of his limbs. However, says the story, he was not so much a cripple as to be unable to cut down the tree, and consequently fell his mistress.

"Johnny," said his father, as the boy took the primal biscuit from the plate, doh't you know that it is impolite to help yourself before your elders?" "Why, ma told me to help myself before you." "What do you mean, sir?" asked his father, while his mother looked up in astonishment. "Why I heard mother tell Aunt Hannah that she hoped I wouldn't take after you, and so I thought I'd take my biscuit first."

CHARACTER is a mosaic which takes a lifetime for its completion, and trifles, the little things of life, are the instruments most used in preparing such precious stones for its place.

OVER THE BRIDGE.

BY F. E. WEATHERLY.

Proud and lowly, beggar and lord,
Over the bridge they go;
Rags and velvet, fetter and sword,
Poverty, pomp and woe.
Laughing, weeping, hurrying ever,
Hour by hour the crowd along,
While, below, the mighty river
Sings them all a mocking song.
Hurry along, sorrow and song,
All is vanity 'neath the sun!
Velvet and rags, so the world wags,
Until the river no more shall run.

Dusky painted, power'd and gay,
Reckless rivals [illegible];
Rags-and-tatters, over the way,
[illegible]
Flow'rs and dreams from country meadows,
Dust and din thro' city skies,
Old men creeping with their shadows,
Children with their sunny eyes,—
Hurry along, sorrow and song,
All is vanity 'neath the sun;
Velvet and rags, so the world wags,
Until the river no more shall run.

Storm and sunshine, peace and strife,
Over the bridge they go;
Floating on in the tide of life,
Whither no man shall know.
Who will miss them there to-morrow,
Waifs that drift to the shade or sun?
Gone away from their songs and sorrow;
Only the river still flows on.
Hurry along, sorrow and song,
All is vanity 'neath the sun,
Velvet and rags, so the world wags,
Until the river no more shall run.

A Woman's Honor.

BY G. I. JAMES.

SUNSET in the heart of the Australian bush. Two travelers, fine, stalwart young fellows, whose united ages would not make fifty years, have just turned aside from "the old telegraph line," some twenty miles north of the Murray, and are preparing to camp for the night.

They have chosen a little cosy nook by the side of a tiny streamlet, that goes noisily on its course to the great river.

Before many minutes have passed, the blue smoke of the camp-fire is curling round the well blackened "billy," and the snowy dampers are ready for baking.

"Ned, you have the tea in your swag, do the brewing, will you?" says the one who has just made the dampers, a tall, well built colonial, to his companion, a broad-shouldered Englishman, with handsome, refined features.

"With pleasure, my hungry friend. How solicitous you colonials are about the despatch of a meal!" replies he, proceeding to unroll his swag.

"All very well for you to talk, when you can lay in enough at one meal to last for two or three days. Now, I can't eat like a polar bear," returns the colonial. "I am sure that old farmer's wife thought she had made a bad bargain this morning, when, in payment for driving up her cows, you eat a breakfast that would have rendered dinner an absolute impossibility to any one but yourself."

"My dear fellow," replies his friend, in a somewhat oracular manner, "in a condition of life like this, when one's next meal is too often an uncertain speculation, it is only commonly provident to take due advantage of present opportunities; besides, I carried my breakfast this morning mentally, when you, I do not hesitate to say, simply talked the too generous old Italy into inviting you to share the meal I had worked for; though, I must say, she showed her appreciation of my services by handing me this package of tea, which, by the way, appears to be wrapped up in a piece of the *Argus* 'personal column.'"

"Is it really? Then, as it is the first piece of newspaper we have seen for several weeks, I propose you stop moralizing on your own excellence, and, having made the tea, read extracts for the benefit of the company."

"Certainly," says the Englishman, emptying the paper into the billy. "But no, I have talked for your benefit, you read for mine; there is nothing like due division of labor."

The colonial, after a lazy excuse or two, takes the scrap of paper, and, beginning at the top of the "personal column," reads:

"'If James Danvers, who left his ship at Sandridge in October last, will communicate with Mr. John Fyle, Flinders street, Melbourne, he will hear of something to his advantage.'"

"Naughty boy to run away," interrupts the Englishman. "But here's the tea brewed; come along, that will keep till after."

"Stop a bit. What's this? Something from the old country; listen:

"'If this should come under the notice of Edward Stanley Fermore, he is informed that his father, Sir Edward Fermore, Bart., of Fermore Grange, Ermside, Kent, having died intestate, he is——'"

"Hullo! what on earth is the matter? There goes the tea all into the fire!"

The cause of this execration is the Englishman, who has leapt across the fire, capsizing the billy, and snatching the paper out of his friend's hand.

"Matter enough!" he exclaims, after reading the advertisement through with eager eyes and flushing face; "for I happen to be the fellow wanted."

"You!" exclaims the colonial, leaping to his feet. "Come, no joking! Are you really in earnest?"

"Yes, old fellow; Ned Stamford was only an assumed name, for I thought my own was a bit too honorable for this existence. You must forgive the deception, for I had no idea things would turn out like this. Who on earth put the advertisement in? Ferris, the solicitor, whose name is here, I suppose; and yet he is not the family man. I never heard of him before."

"I forgive the deception, as you call it," replied his friend, "but hardly the extinction of the fire. I expended much trouble, and my last match over that fire."

"Never mind, old fellow, I have some more, and we'll soon repair the damage."

A few minutes more, and the fire is alight again; the tea is re-made and drunk, and then Frank Merton, the colonial, stretches himself out on his blankets to hear the 'yarn' he has demanded from his friend.

The usual pipes being set going, the fire built up, and the light tent under which they sleep set up, Sir Edward, as his friend, with mock ceremony, persists in calling him, begins his story:

"The facts of the case," he says, settling his stalwart limbs comfortably, "are very simple. I am an only son, and now an orphan, for my mother, Heaven bless her! died more than six years ago. My father and I never seemed to agree very well. In the first place, I always had a passion for roving, while he strongly wished me to go into the church."

"Curious wish, considering you were his heir," interrupts the colonial.

"Yes, but he had a reason for it. A sentimental young creature of thirty, who was the heiress of a large estate adjoining my father's, had a weakness for the cloth, and would have wedded your humble servant in that guise, had he adopted it. Now, as I had a weakness for a sweet little cousin of sixteen (who, by the bye, would have the property, but for my being in the way), I vigorously objected; and one night my father and I had a tremendous row, which ended in his sending me the next morning a cheque and a short note, telling me that I had got all I would ever get from him, and so I might go—I won't say where he mentioned; but, suffice it to say, that, enraged by his irrational tyranny, I left the house that day, and, after a fond farewell to the innocent cause of my banishment, I sailed to America, thence here, and that is my story."

"And peculiar though short," says Merton; "did he never relent?"

"Never. For this is the first I have heard of him, though for three years the family lawyer knew of my whereabouts. I suppose he made no will, so that my cousin, who is no doubt married by this time, might get the property, while I might die out here, and never know of his death."

"The cousin will not thank you for turning up," says Merton.

"No, but for the sake of the old name I must go. Will you come with me, old fellow? I'm rich now, and we can have a fine time of it at home," replies Sir Edward.

"No, thanks; England is too far. I love Australia too well to leave just yet, and I should not like to go with no prospects. So, sorry and all as I shall be to part with you, I am afraid it must be so, old man," says Merton, somewhat sadly, for the two are very dear friends.

They talk on for more than an hour after this, and then, as night descends over the great, silent forest, they spread their blankets inside the tent, and go to sleep for the last time together in the bush.

* * * * * *

The soft blue haze of twilight is stealing slowly down the hills overlooking the Bay of Naples. A yacht has just furled her snowy wings, and is rounding to her anchor about a mile from the shore.

Leaning on her bulwarks is a girl of some twenty summers, with a pure, sweet face, and large liquid eyes of no particular shade. She is watching the golden moon creeping up behind the hills.

Suddenly she is joined by a handsome young fellow who, as we have seen before, is an Australian colonist.

"Well, Flo! what are you dreaming of?" he says, passing his arm round her waist with an unmistakable air of proprietorship.

"Thinking how beautiful it is to live," is the answer.

"And a fit thought, too, for one whose very existence makes life more beautiful."

"Flattering, as usual," replies "Flo," or Lady Florence Fermore. "But what have you been doing all this time in the cabin?"

"Writing my letters, and making a great discovery," replies her husband.

"What? A paper less than a fortnight old?"

"No; one apparently about twelve months old?"

"An Australian love letter?"

"No, you little minx! I never had such things when I was a vagabond. But, Flo, I want to tell you a story. Are you in the humor to hear it?"

"Yes; I'm all attention. Is it long?"

"No; and I think it will interest you."

"'Get under weigh', then, as you sailors say."

"Well, one evening, in the Australian bush, a wanderer, who had left his home some years before, chanced to unroll a piece of newspaper, in which his tea was wrapped, an advertisement, which told him that his father was dead. Hullo! what are you turning so red about? Nothing? That's all right. Well, the wanderer came back to England, took possession of his title and estates, and married a most angelic cousin, for whom he had had a weakness before he left England. No, you need not run away, for you must be interested in the story. Now, one thing which puzzled the said wanderer was, that he never could discover who put the advertisement in the Melbourne *Argus*. The lawyer to whom it referred him would tell him nothing, so it remained a mystery, till one evening, during his wedding trip in the Mediterranean, his wife lent him her writing case to write some letters. Searching for some more paper, he found this."

Here Lady Fermore made a snatch at "this;" and, failing to secure it, is clasped in her husband's strong arms, and forcibly prevented from making her intended escape.

And what is "this?"

Only a sheet of note paper, with the name "Florence" embossed upon it, and a few words in pencil, running thus:

"If this should come under the notice of Edward Stanley Fermore, he is informed that——"

Here the paper is torn across, but here is enough to tell Sir Edward to whom it is that he owes his rescue from exile, his title, his estates, and, better than all, the lovely little wife who gave them to him, when she might have kept them for herself, instead of giving up rank and wealth at the dictates of a Woman's Honor."

In Time.

BY S. F. W.

"WHY not?" said Mary Mildmay.

Sophy Pepperel looked aghast.

"Mary Mildmay," said she, "I think you've taken leave of your senses. You, at your age, to get married?"

"I'm only three and thirty," said Mary, half defiantly, although the rosy color mounted to her fair smooth cheek.

"But you have your own income, and you are so independent," cried Sophy.

"Should I be less independent as a married woman?" retorted Miss Mildmay.

"A thousand times less," pronounced Sophy. "Oh dear! oh dear! what a terrible mistake I made when I persuaded you to come here to spend the summer. I knew perfectly well that women in general were fools, but I did hope, Mary Mildmay, that you were exempt from the miscellaneous rule. And if you must fall in love, why wasn't it with some frank generous young fellow like yourself and not with a fossil like Didmore?"

"He is a very agreeable gentleman," said Mary, indignantly.

"He's not," contradicted Sophy. "No one is a gentleman who talks through his nose, uses bad grammar, sings psalms out of tune, and objects to the minister, as a minister, because he plays croquet."

And Mary Mildmay herself could not but smile at the nasal whine with which her friend pronounced her last words, a perfect imitation of Daniel Didmore's tone of voice.

"There are some things," continued Miss Pepperel, with emphasis, "that are too good to be true, and one of them is Didmore. Mary, if you do marry that man, I shall lose all my faith in female human nature."

Mary Mildmay rose up with deeply flushed cheeks and eyes that sparkled with rising wrath.

"Sophy," said she, "I wont endure this sort of thing. I'm afraid——"

"Nobody doubts that," interjected Sophy.

"And I shall do as I please."

"I'm very much afraid that you will."

"I like Didmore and I respect him."

"Worse luck," sighed Sophy.

"He is a noble, true-hearted gentleman," went on the undaunted Miss Mildmay. "Just see how generously he has adopted those two orphan children of his brother. See how kindly he administers the affairs of his widowed sister! Isn't that proof sufficient?"

"It proves something," said Miss Pepperel, slowly. "Especially as the widow's purse is growing smaller and smaller under his fostering care, and especially as he makes the two poor little mites do a good proportion of the work of the house, and thereby effects a considerable saving of servant's wages!"

Mary turned away with dignity.

"If you are as prejudiced as that, Sophy ——" she began.

"I am so far prejudiced, dear," interrupted Sophy, "that I can't endure to see you sacrificing yourself to a heartless cormorant who only wants you for your money, and——"

But Mary walked out of the room without stopping to hear more.

"Of all obstinate creatures," soliloquized Miss Pepperel, "a woman who believes herself in love in the most obstinate! I've lost my best [illegible] and now I wish my last is off the [illegible]."

And as she walked down the path which led from the house to the river-side, she mused to herself.

"A lovely evening," smiled the gentleman.

"It's pleasant enough," said Sophy.

"Shall we have the pleasure of your company at our Musical Meeting to-morrow?"

"No, you will not," said Sophy.

"[illegible] school assemblies at my humble house on Thursday evening to sing for the Orphans of the Tribes of Southern Madagascar. We should be most happy ——"

"Thanks," curtly retorted Sophy. "But I've no sort of sympathy for the Madagascar orphans."

And she passed unceremoniously on, leaving Didmore smiling in the middle of the path.

"Mary," she said to her friend that evening, with a lovely little caress, "I'm going away next week."

"I know it," said Mary, returning the tender hand-squeeze.

"Don't let us part in anything but affection."

"Of course we shall not, dear."

"Then will you come with me for a long walk in Nettleby Woods to-morrow afternoon?"

"Yes," said Mary, remembering that the "Musical Meeting" was not to be held [illegible] evening, "I'll come."

But the sultry glow of the late September day was treacherous [illegible], and almost before the two girls were aware, a black cloud [illegible] upon them, the sky rent with jagged lightnings, the air obscured with sheets of fast driving rain.

"Here we are," cried Sophy, breathlessly, "close to Didmore's house! Let's take shelter from the tempest here."

"Not for worlds," said Mary, glancing down at the torn and drenched flounces of her dress, and feeling instinctively the curlpins of hair which had long lost their wave.

"Well, here's the shed, at all events," pleaded Sophy. "The wood-pile won't betray us—and it's nearly dark."

So the two panting girls crouched down in the dark angle of Didmore's woodshed.

"Hush!" said Mary, raising one finger, as the sound of an uplifted voice came from the adjoining kitchen. "It's Didmore; he is praying."

"No, he isn't," contradicted Sophy; "he is scolding."

"I agreed to pay you a shilling for mending my coat," bawled Didmore, "but it ain't mended right. It's a piece of botch-work. The coat is ruined: and if I expect you to pay me its market value, I ain't doing anything but what's right!"

"Indeed, sir," said the low voice of a woman, "it is mended as neatly as such a bad zig-zag rent can possibly be repaired, and——"

"Don't tell me," roared the other, "it's ruined; I never can wear it again. But as you're a widow woman, I shall let you off with five shillings, if you will promise me never to let such a thing happen again!"

"But, sir——"

"We won't argue the question," said he: "Right is right—logic is logic. Good afternoon, Mrs. Sackett."

And from their lurking-place the two girls could see the slight figure of the seamstress pass out into the rainy twilight, wiping away a tear as she went.

"Uncle Daniel," squeaked out a little voice, "that was mean."

"What?" roared Didmore, turning furiously round upon his small nephew.

"'Cause I heard you tell aunt Polly that the coat was e'en-a-most as good as new, and that Mrs. Sackett had mended it beautiful."

"Hold your tongue," said he; "little boys should be seen and not heard. Where's that penny the squire gave you?"

"Please, uncle, he gave it to me because I picked up his whip."

"You're too young to have money," said he, "hand it over. I'll keep it for you."

"But, uncle, I want a stick of candy," whimpered the child.

"Candy is sinful for little boys," said the man; "Mary Ann," to the girl, "what was that crash just now?"

"It was the cat knocked a pitcher off the shelf, sir," responded Mary Ann.

"More breakage—more waste," growled he, "one thing, Mary Ann, is very certain: I shall take it out of your wages!"

"'Deed, then, and you won't!" flashed out the girl. "I never see nothing like the meanness of this house. I've had this thing and that thing of the old out of my wages, and I have not had a penny for the three months I've been here. I am willing to pay for my own breakages, but I never will pay for old, rotten things nor I won't!"

"Then you need not, my good Mary Ann," retorted he. "You may go at once; this moment, if you please. I am about to bring home—ahem!—a helpmate, who will be fully able to do the housework without the aid of any servant."

"I pity her, whoever she is," broke in Mary Ann. "And if it's true, I think it's some one's duty to warn her that she is coming into the den of an old miser."

"Pray do not agitate me," said he, mildly, "I wish to be [illegible] for the sweet spare moments, refreshment of my musical meeting. Bob," to the little boy, "go out and get some wood for the parlor stove."

And he [illegible] to the [illegible] with a look on the old scowl.

As Bob Didmore [illegible] one door of the shed the two girls crept [illegible] out of the other.

The storm was over, the [illegible] shone through the [illegible], and by its faint light Mary and Sophy looked into each other's faces.

"I must go [illegible]," said Mary.

"[illegible]," cried [illegible] Sophy.

Mary Mildmay did not honor the musical meeting with her presence, and [illegible] respect been able to supersede the hired girl with my help mate.

"It's very strange," he said to himself, "I made very sure of that young woman. But there's no accounting for such things."

There is a story told of an old Scotch dominie who courted a girl for a good many years, but never found the necessary courage to ask her hand in marriage. One day after they had been "keeping company" for about ten years, he ventured to steal a kiss. "Let me first ask a blessing," he said, and, falling upon his knees, he implored the Divine benediction. He next, with due circumspection and Scotch deliberation, possessed himself of the kiss, which, will o' boadells [illegible] smack, he exclaimed, "Eh, woman, but it was good, let us return thanks."

A MAN in this State has organized a car-starter, for which he has been offered $100,000. We stand ready to double that for something to start a housekeeper or plumber. Must be easy to handle, and not spread over ten pounds of powder at once.

Parrot is a harsh task-master

Our Young Folks.

COUSIN MARJORY.

BY ROSE KINGSLEY.

I DON'T want any one to come in and live with me all the time, and I don't mean to be a bit nice to Cousin Marjory—there!" And Dora Spence rose abruptly from the breakfast table and ran out of the room, with tears in her eyes and a choking sensation in her throat. "The idea of mamma asking any one to come and live here for good! And when Jack comes home whatever shall we do?" and Dora's tears broke out afresh at the indignity put upon her.

"Really Dora grows every day more wilful and unmanageable," Mrs. Spence said when her daughter had left the breakfast-room. "I knew she would resent the idea of Marjory's coming!"

"Dora's a little spoiled, that's all," her father said, without raising his eyes from his newspaper. "She'll be the better for some companionship and she'll soon get used to it; besides, there's no alternative: Marjory must come here." And then Mr. Spence finished his breakfast hurredly, and started off for the City, whither he went every morning. Dora watched him with tear-dimmed eyes from her bed-room window.

"Papa does not care—he never asked to say good morning; mamma don't care a bit about me; nobody does but Jack, and he's always away. I don't think there ever was such an unhappy girl as I am. I wish I were dead!" And having bolted her door, Dora threw herself on the floor, and sobbed as if her heart would break, and all because her orphan cousin Marjory was coming to stay at Woodlands. "Of course papa and mamma will love her better than they do me; Jack too, perhaps," she kept repeating over and over between her sobs. "They love Cousin Susan and Cousin Janet, just because they're pretty, and mamma is ashamed of me, I know she is, but I'm cleverer than they are. I can sing and play and draw, I can do everything better than any of my cousins, and that's why they don't love me."

Presently there came a tap at the door, and Mary the housemaid, tried to enter.

"Miss Dora, Madame Dubois is waiting."

"Tell her I can't go down; I shan't do any lessons this morning."

"But, Miss Dora——"

"I will not go down—there!"

In a few minutes there came another tap. "Dora, dear Dora?"

"Yes, mamma?"

"Do pray come down. Madame is feeling quite hurt. Open the door, my love."

"I can't, mamma. I feel bad; and I won't do any lessons—there! Do please leave me alone."

"But, my darling child——"

"I am not your darling child, mamma, you know very well I'm only a trouble and a worry to you, and I don't mean to leave my room all day. I shall never have it to myself again perhaps, so please let me be."

Mrs. Spence sighed deeply. It was quite true, Dora was a trouble and a worry to her, a daily, hourly anxiety; but she loved her very dearly for all that, and would have loved her much more if Dora had let her. She was a strange, wilful, passionate, jealous girl, with a disposition her mother felt herself in no way at all able either to guide or master. Ever since she was a tiny baby Dora had had her own way, and now that she was nearly grown up it seemed as if her way was to be the way of the whole household.

Her father did not interfere with her very much, he loved her dearly, but he too, felt unable to contend with her strong will, and the very few hours he had to spend at home he did not want embittered with wrangling. Jack, her only brother, got on best with Dora; but then she adored Jack, and gave way to him in all things. Dora's greatest fault, because it caused so much unhappiness to those around her, was jealousy. She hated her parents to love every one better than herself, every trifling kindness or attention shown to either of her pretty cousins filled her with rage; she wanted to be first always in all things, but especially in love; and yet she gave no love in return, only distrust and defiance.

Poor Dora! she had a rare faculty for making herself miserable, and in the coming of Marjory she found a fresh grievance.

"I shall never be alone again," she kept repeating; "I shall never be able to come up to my room and fasten the door, and be by myself. It is too cruel of mamma, it's too dreadful, and I know I shall dislike Cousin Marjory very much!"

It was fast growing dusk, and Dora, in a somewhat better humor, was in the schoolroom practising. She had tried to settle herself with a book in the drawing-room to wait for Marjory's arrival in formal dignity, but it was impossible, so she stole from the room, and tried to play herself into something like calmness.

Her music, like herself, was that day stormy and passionate; still it did her good, and so deeply was she absorbed in it that she neither heard the cab drive up nor the little bustle attending Marjory's arrival.

The first she knew of her coming was to see a very slight little figure in a black frock, and with very wide-opened eyes, standing near the piano, listening intently. Dora stopped suddenly and whirled round on the music-stool, looking very grave.

"Oh! don't stop, please. I love to listen to you!"

Dora stared in astonishment. "Are you Cousin Marjory?" she asked, after a moment's hesitation.

"Yes. Aunt Alice sent me in here, and I have been listening a long time. Please play some more."

And the little black figure drew a step nearer, forgetting her shyness in her eagerness.

"Can you play?" Dora asked.

"No."

"Can you sing?"

"No, only to myself."

"Can you draw, or paint?"

"No."

"Can you speak French?"

"No, not a bit."

"Why, Marjory, what can you do?"

The child laughed blithely, a clear, glad, merry laugh, and said—

"Not much, Cousin Dora. I can knit stockings and darn them, I can hem dusters, and water the flowers, and weed the beds, and tell lots of stories, and work a sampler, and I think that's all!" with another hearty laugh at her ignorance and general incompetence.

Dora smiled and thawed just a little. Marjory would not be a rival, any way—that was some comfort; and then she was not one little bit like what she expected her to be—that was another small consolation.

"I'm so glad to come here," Marjory continued, growing confidential, and drawing a step nearer in the gathering gloom. "It's such a pretty place, and Aunt Alice is so kind; and I know I shall love you very much, Dora, because you're my real cousin, and it has been so miserable with Nurse Evans since dear mamma died!" with a gasping little sob bravely suppressed. "But I'll never be unhappy again; I don't think anyone could be unhappy here. Everything looks so pleasant, and I do love the looks of nice things!"

It was well for Marjory that she could not distinctly see the look on Dora's face just then; it was not by any means nice. Her conscience was sorely reproaching her for all the hard, unkind things she had said and thought that morning, and had been thinking all the day.

Turning round to the piano, she began to play something from memory—a sort of medley of her own favorite airs—just to cover her confusion. When she finished Marjory drew still nearer.

"Thanks so much, Cousin Dora. I love to hear you; I could listen all night. But do you know you haven't kissed me or shaken hands with me yet?" with another merry laugh such as Dora's schoolroom had never echoed before.

Dora stooped down and kissed the little eager upturned face, with a sort of shame at being betrayed into such weakness, and as she felt Marjory's arms about her neck the blood rushed to her pale face.

"Oh, dear! it is nice to have some one of your very own to love, and not to have to be trying to love people who don't love you one bit in return," she said, with a sigh of satisfaction.

"I think we ought to go up-stairs now and brush our hair, and be ready for dinner when papa comes home. I always dine with papa and mamma, and I suppose you will too," Dora said, rising from the piano reluctantly.

She didn't care much about going out into the light; still, it had to be done so she took Marjory by the hand, and led her upstairs to her bedroom.

"Oh, what a pretty room!" and Marjory's eyes opened to an alarming size. "Is this yours, Cousin Dora?"

"Yes, yours and mine now. I am glad you like it," Dora said, almost affably.

"I shan't be able to go to sleep for a long while for looking at the pretty things. Do you know," she said, very mysteriously, "it's all just like a dream, or something of that kind! You must be a very happy girl, Dora!"

"No, indeed, I am not!" was the energetic reply. "I am often very miserable!"

Marjory paused in brushing her hair, and stared at her cousin in real wonder. "Why are you miserable, Dora?"

"I don't know; because I am, I suppose?"

The strange child laughed again more loudly and joyously than ever.

When they went down stairs Mr. Spence smiled as he laid a hand on each of the girls' heads. "Well, my dears, I hope you are going to be great friends, and very happy together. It was a little dull for you, by yourself, was it not, Dora? You'll feel brighter now."

"Yes, papa," was the very quiet reply, as Dora held her cousin's hand firmly, and Mrs. Spence looked and listened in amazement.

In a very few days there was a great change in the whole house at Woodlands, it seemed as if a sunbeam had got loose in it and was floating about somewhere, and that sunbeam was Marjory.

Such a healthful, happy, high-spirited, good-tempered little girl Dora had never known, and in spite of herself she was infected with some of her joyous gaiety; and every day too she began to see more and more how many blessings she had, and how few real troubles of any kind.

"She is dreadfully ignorant, and not very attentive," Madame Dubois said one day, speaking of the new pupil, "but she's such a merry little thing that I cannot be very severe. And I think she will go on improving."

"It was only by contrast with someone else that Dora could see her faults and shortcomings, and I know she is trying to mend them," replied Mrs. Spence. "It was only this morning she told me she wondered how she ever could imagine herself ill-used and misunderstood, when all the time it was she who was misunderstanding everyone else, and being very ungrateful into the bargain. It was a very happy decision of my husband's to let Marjory come here."

"Marjory," said Dora one day, "I wonder what would have become of me if you had not come to Woodlands? I was the most disagreeable, cross, discontented ungrateful, miserable thing before you came, and now I feel quite different. What's the reason, I wonder?"

"Why, because you have me to care about now." Marjory had a ready way of her own out of all small difficulties. "Before, you had no one, for one cannot love one's self: it's so very, very selfish; and if one has no one to love it's so lonely. I know it's all because you're so good to me you're happier!"

"No," Dora replied, shaking her head very gravely; "it's all because you're so good to me, Cousin Marjory," and she turned up the bright little face and kissed it affectionately.

"Let us say it's because we're good to each other. What does it matter so long as we're happy!" Marjory said. "And I think, Dora, you and I couldn't help being happy, if we tried."

But Dora Spence, with her sad experience, had no wish to try the experiment; she had found out from Cousin Marjory's example that it's sometimes well to be merry.

MARY'S MISTAKE.

BY WILSON RENNOR.

"NO news of him yet! Oh, Herbert, are you really lost to me?"

Thus often murmured Mary Weldon, a beautiful girl of twenty as she vainly scanned the "shipping news" in the paper for tidings of her absent sailor lover.

Three long years had now passed since he left her for nearly three years she had heard nothing either of him or his vessel—the Hero, a surveying craft, of which he was the captain.

Her father thought that the craft must have been lost, and so did many other people; but Mary kept hoping on.

There was a certain skipper named John Thomas, a good-looking, worthy young man, who numbered thirty years in age, and three hundred in savings. Mr. Weldon now wanted his daughter to encourage this person; but, although she liked and respected him for his excellent disposition, she had never thought of accepting him for a husband.

One day it chanced that Thomas bought from a news stand a copy of a South American paper, the latest number, and evidently the only one which had reached Bristol.

From the right hand lower corner of one of the pages [illegible] of the paper had accidentally come off and was missing.

Attracted towards that spot, the captain's gaze was rivated on a little note near this part of the journal. The heading of this paper having been partially torn off with the missing piece of the paper it stood thus, with the other lines undisturbed beneath:

"MAR

"On June 28th, Herbert Weyman, late captain of the brig Hero, to Fanny Major, of Costa Rica.

For a moment the young man's brain seemed to spin round like a top.

"Married!" he muttered to himself. "Then, indeed, all is over between him and Mary Weldon. How scurvily he has treated her! I have always heard good reports of him, and would not believe this did I not see the marriage notice here, before my very eyes, in this paper published at Costa Rica, where the wedding took place!"

Finally, he concluded to take the paper to her mother; but not until the next morning after she had received it could Mrs. Weldon muster courage to show the notice to Mary.

The young girl became very pale; even her lips turned white, while great blue rings appeared under her beautiful eyes and for a moment she staggered as if about to swoon.

From this time Mary began to droop. She strove to call pride to her aid, but in vain. Her nature was of that intense, loving kind that clings for ever to the object of its affectionate regard.

Now her parent strove harder than ever to persuade her to receive the attentions of Captain Thomas.

"Mary him, and forget that other worthless fellow," her father ventured to say to her, at last.

But Mary sadly shook her head.

"So you persist in thinking of that false-hearted rascal——"

"Oh, papa, say nothing against him," she interrupted. "Somehow I still feel as if there must be some mistake. Yes," she added, starting up; "you shall take me away off to Costa Rica, and we will search the marriage registered there!"

This was not the first time she had made that proposal, and now her father replied, "Mr. Thomas sails on a trading voyage next week to Costa Rica, and as I have business to transact there, where I intend to establish a branch of my [illegible] stores, you and I can accompany him."

They sailed at the appointed time, and finally arrived at Costa Rica.

Their inquiries were made, but the marriage register could not be examined, as the [illegible] in which it had been kept had [illegible] down and the book was lost.

It was ascertained, however, that the [illegible] British frigate, which had been in the harbor about a year before, but had now sailed away, had married a young naval officer and [illegible]. The names of the wedded twain could not be learned, but there existed no doubt even in the mind of Mary Weldon, that they were Herbert Weyman and the Fanny Major mentioned in the notice.

Mr. Weldon now hardly gave his daughter a moment's rest with respect to Captain Thomas. He believed that, if she married that person, she would be a happy woman, in time.

At last he said, "Promise me one thing, Mary—that you will at least have him when we return home, which will be about eight months from now!"

"Yes, if I am alive, and if I learn nothing in the meanwhile to show that we have been mistaken about Herbert!"

She only made this promise to please her father. She felt quite sure it would never be fulfilled—that she would die before she arrived home, and be buried in the deep sea.

At last the time came when the vessel sailed.

Mary had continued to droop. Her cheek was sunken, her voice was hollow; she had become thin and worn. But her strong constitution kept her up, and when finally within a day's sail of home, she concluded that she was likely to live on for years.

So then, after all, her promise would have to be fulfilled—and she would have to marry Thomas—for she would not break her word even though it broke her heart to keep it.

"Yes, I have allowed myself, by papa's urging, to be drawn into making that unfortunate promise, and I must keep my word even though it kill me!"

As she spoke, she sprang upon a bench near the rail, the better to receive upon her hot, fevered brow, the full force of the fresh morning wind, which was blowing hard.

Not a quarter of a mile astern of the ship was another vessel—a beautiful topsail schooner, which had been sighted that morning, and was evidently also bound for Bristol.

In her agitation Mary hardly noticed it. Her brain was reeling, and she felt dizzy. A sudden roll of the ship precipitated her over the rail into the sea.

All the officers and men being intent upon some work forward—the young girl's father being below—no person, not even the man at the wheel, whose back was towards her, and who was a little deaf, saw or heard her fall overboard.

She did not know how to swim, and when she came to the surface, the salt water, which had poured into her mouth, drowned her gurgling cries.

As she struggled there in the seething waters, she saw the ship flying on, its occupants still unconscious of the accident.

She went down for the second time, and even then was conscious of thinking that, at least, she would escape a marriage with the man she did not love.

But when she again rose to the surface she heard voices, and dimly saw a boat from the other vessel—the topsail schooner—coming swiftly towards her.

She would be saved, after all, was her thought, and the sacrifice would have to be made.

She was half bewildered, in a semi-conscious state, when, a few moments later she was pulled into the boat. Some person had an arm round her.

When she was fully restored to sight and sense, she uttered a wild cry of surprise on recognizing in the handsome young officer who held her, none other than Herbert Weyman, her long-absent lover!

"Let me go," she sobbed, disengaging herself from him. "Take me back to my father, who is on that ship in the distance, and then return to your wife, for I suppose she is aboard that schooner."

"My wife?"

"Yes; your bride, Fanny Major."

Weyman looked puzzled, until, from a little ornamental rubber case taken from her pocket, Mary drew forth and showed to him the notice she had cut out from the Costa Rica journal. She had preserved it carefully, and as the case was almost air-tight, the paper had been but little more than dampened during her recent immersion in the water.

"Well!" said Weyman, as his face cleared, "here is the schooner close to us! Take a good look at her, and you will see my bride."

"Oh, Herbert, I see no woman!"

"True; but you see a beautiful schooner. There is her name, in red letters, on the quarter."

Mary read the name.

It was "Fanny Major."

"That is the name which is in the notice!" cried the young girl, in surprise.

"Yes," he answered; "but it means the schooner—nothing more!"

"Why, surely the paragraph is a marriage notice!"

"No; had not the heading been partly torn off; leaving only M-a-r, which I perceive was the sole cause of your mistake, it would have been 'Marine Transfer,' not 'Marriages,' as you supposed!"

As soon as he had assisted the overjoyed girl aboard the schooner, he showed her, in a perfect state, the same number o' the paper as that from which she had cut the notice.

The heading was "Marine Transfer," and the meaning of the notice was thus made apparent.

Weyman had been transferred to the Fanny Major; that is, to the vessel of that name.

Further explanations followed.

Herbert's disgrace had been caused by his being sent to cruise in the lonely Arctic Ocean, where he had been shut in by the ice for one whole winter.

And so, now, Mary was happier than words can express.

A few hours later she was restored to her father's arms and to Mr. Weldon the necessary explanations were made.

A month later the daughter was united in marriage to Herbert Weyman.

SWEETHEART.

BY R. E. P.

A tiny songstress on a swaying bough,
Joyous with life in the soft breath of May,
Sang, cheerily and clear, this morning through,
A song I've heard her trilling many a day:
"Sweetheart! sweetheart!"

Not only 'mid the soft and fragrant breeze,
Blowing across the roses of the spring,
But while the fierce March storm-wind shook the trees,
With silvery note unfaltering did she sing:
"Sweetheart! sweetheart!"

Tho' oft I ask what Fortune doth provide?
Or buildeth she her nest by cot or hall?
She only turns her dainty head aside,
And sings as if the one word answered all:
"Sweetheart! sweetheart!"

Thus ever sings my heart, thou clear-voiced bird,
In unison with thee, the whole day long;
Tho' the hushed lips may utter ne'er a word,
Yet with each pulse-beat thrills thy tender song:
"Sweetheart! sweetheart!"

Amid these bright days of exceeding peace,
And through the far, dim length of coming years,
Within my soul thy song shall never cease,
But still sing on through joy, or care, or tears:
"Sweetheart! sweetheart!"

CANARY BIRDS.

THE canary birds now kept and reared throughout the whole of Europe, were originally natives of the Canary Islands. They are still found in pleasant valleys, and on the delightful banks of sparkling rills and small streams. But for some two hundred years they have been bred in Europe. About the beginning of the sixteenth century a ship was wrecked on the coast of Italy, which, in addition to merchandise, had a multitude of canaries on board. These birds, thus obtaining their liberty, flew to the island of Elba, the nearest land. There they found a propitious climate, and multiplied very rapidly. Had not man interposed, by hunting them for cage birds until they were entirely extirpated, they would probably have naturalized themselves there. In Italy were found the first tame canaries, and there they are still raised in vast numbers. Within the last hundred years they were so uncommon and expensive that only princes and people of great wealth could keep them. But at the present day these birds are raised in all our cities, and sold at moderate prices.

In its native island the plumage of the canary bird is said to be more beautiful than that of our tame ones; but its song is less melodious and varied, consisting of fewer notes, and uttered at longer intervals. The original color of this bird in its wild state was gray, merging into green beneath; but by domestication and climate it has so changed that canaries may now be seen of almost every hue. Most commonly they are of some shade of yellow; but some are gray, others white, some are reddish brown, or chestnut-colored, others are beautifully shaded with green. These are the prevailing colors, but they are blended in various combinations, and thus present every degree of shade. Those the most prized exhibit the most regularly these various shades. The one most generally admired at present is yellow or white upon its body, and of a dun yellow upon the wings, head and tail. Next in degree of beauty is that which is of golden yellow, with black, blue or blackish gray head, and similar wings and tail. There are also gray ones, with yellow heads, or with a ring about the neck; and white ones, with yellow breast, and white head and tail. Those which are more irregularly marked are less esteemed.

The canary bird is five inches in length, of which the tail comprises two inches and a quarter. Sometimes the female is not easily distinguished from the male, but the latter has generally deeper and brighter colors; the head is rather thicker, the body is more slender throughout, and the temples and space around the eyes are always of a brighter yellow than the rest of the body. In selecting a bird, those are the best which stand upright on the perch, appear bold and lively, and are not frightened at every noise they hear or everything they see. If its eyes are bright and cheerful, it is a sign of health, but if it keeps its head under its wing, it is drooping and sickly. Its song should be also particularly noticed, for there is so much difference in this respect. But as it often depends on the peculiar taste of the purchaser, no directions can be given for its application.

In respect to the notes of these birds, there is much difference. Some of them have very fine notes; but if the song is not fine it can be educated by being placed with another which is a good singer. They catch the notes of other kindred songsters with considerable facility; hence, among the best singers there is a material difference in the song, which depends mainly on the bird with which they have been educated. In some countries the nightingale is employed as a master musician to a whole flock of canaries; and it is this which gives some foreign birds a different tone of voice from those birds bred in this country. In teaching the canary bird to sing, it is usual to take him from his comrades, and place him in a cage alone. This is covered with a cloth, when a short simple air is whistled to him, or played on a flute, or a small organ. In this manner, by repeating the tune each day, especially mornings and evenings, he will learn to sing it. But it will frequently require five or six months before he will retain the whole tune.

Canary birds sometimes hatch their young every month in the year; but more commonly they breed only in the spring, summer and autumn months. After the young birds are hatched, the old ones are fed with soft food, such as lettuce, cabbage, chick-weed, and also with hard-boiled eggs minced very fine with dried roll or bread containing no salt, which has been soaked in water, and the water pressed out. Rape-seed, or the seed of the turnip, is much used for their food. Up to the twelfth day the young birds remain almost naked, and require to be covered by the female; but after the thirteenth day they will feed themselves. When they are a month old they may be removed from the breeding-cage. It is a curious fact that when two females are with one male in the same cage, and one female dies, the other, if she has not already sat, will hatch the eggs laid by her co-mate, and rear the young as her own.

Grains of Gold.

Little often makes a heap in time.

What you cannot avoid learn to bear.

Endear yourself to all by worthy acts.

The path of moderation is the safest to tread.

How poor are they who have not patience?

The value of each man consists in what he does well.

When a proud man hears another praised he thinks himself injured.

What weariness will men endure if only it be not in the name of virtue!

The manner of giving shows the character of the giver more than anything else.

Considering one's own weakness is a great help to gentleness in dealing with others.

There is not one of the old sayings more true than "mirth and motion prolong life."

He is always the severest censor on the merits of others who has the least worth of his own.

In all our estimates of human conduct, the question of motives ought to occupy a very large place.

No evil propensity of the human heart is so powerful that it may not be subdued by strict discipline.

A philosopher being asked to define a quarrel, said, "It is usually the termination of a misunderstanding."

Sincerity does not consist in speaking your mind on all occasions, but in doing it when silence would be censurable and inexcusable.

Each heart is a world. You find all within yourself that you find without. The world that surrounds you is the magic glass of the world within you.

It is impossible to live pleasurably without living prudently, honorably, or justly; or to live prudently, honorably and justly without living pleasurably.

No man is a gentleman who, without provocation, would treat with incivility the humblest of his species. It is a vulgarity for which no accomplishments can ever atone.

Temptation is a fearful word. It indicates the beginning of a possible series of infinite evils. It is the ringing of an alarm bell, whose melancholy sounds may reverberate through eternity.

Contentment abides with truth, and you will generally suffer for wishing to appear more than you are, whether it be richer, or greater, or more learned. The mask soon becomes an instrument of torture.

Look on slanderers as direct enemies of civil society, as persons without honor, honesty, or humanity. Whoever entertains you by pointing out the faults of others, designs to serve you in a similar manner.

He is a wise workman who makes system his helper. It is the greatest labor-saving machine in the world, and the cheapest, but it is not the easiest governed. It requires reason and management to control and exercise it.

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work, his life is a happy one.

"I am So Much Better."

Extract from a letter of a patient in Biddeford, Me., dated November 1st, 1880: "It is with pleasure I tell you what your Compound Oxygen Treatment has done for me. Last April, when I commenced using it, I was very low; suffered from a weak, tired feeling all the time. Had not been free from a cough for four years. Now I do most of my housework; all my family sewing; walk out every pleasant day; think I could walk a mile and not be very tired; am so much happier to feel that I am some use in the world. Treatise on Compound Oxygen sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

Woman is the Sunday of man.

Waiting-maids—Single women.

Two girls lately rowed a single scull race on Toronto Bay for $50 a side.

Pretty Boston girls attend big cases at court, and during the intermission they read books on rhetoric and oratory.

Doctors say that the wearing of sealskin is unhealthy. "Yes, it is decidedly unhealthy for the seals. The more it is worn the faster the seals die."

"Is this a fair bet? If I win you are to keep me in chocolate creams for a year. Mind I like the pointed ones! If you win, I'll work you something."

A young lady at Holyoke, where there are five women to one man, has come forward as a missionary to bachelors, and offers to lead a galaxy of 100 maidens out West.

Proud Parent—"Why, Florence, my dear, how you are fixed up! Dressed for a party?" Dutiful Daughter—"Yes, pa; but he hasn't come yet. Perhaps he won't to-night."

Lover, daughter, sister, wife, mother, grandmother; in these six words lie what the human heart contains of the sweetest, the most sacred, the purest, and the most ineffable.

London *Truth* says that a good deal of indignation is wasted over the matter-of-fact way in which people about Sheffield sell their wives. Stamped and signed agreements are occasionally given.

Home is next to heaven. And the home that is well-ordered, comely, pure and bright is thus heavenly by the agency of woman's heart and woman's hand. No school can teach the science of housekeeping.

A Long Island girl stuffed the arm of an old coat with hay, placed it around her waist, and sat near a window in the soft twilight of a sweet July Sunday evening. The other girls in the neighborhood are dying with envy.

Ben. Franklin's mother-in-law hesitated about permitting her daughter to marry a printer, as there were already two printing offices in the United States, and she was uncertain whether the country would support a third.

The humming birds that once swarmed in the milliners' windows have not all perished yet. One of the new bonnets is trimmed with blond lace and a bunch of currants, with twelve humming birds tangled among the lace and fruit.

A San Francisco woman lawyer, being told by the opposing counsel in court that a woman's proper place was at home raising children, retorted: "A woman had better be engaged in almost any business than raising such men as you are, sir."

The property of Mrs. Langtry, the famous beauty, has been sold out by auction. She had an income of $6,000 a year, but the demands of the social current into which she and her husband floated were so great that they became overwhelmingly involved in debt.

Daughter—"Well, mother, when I grow up I shall have my boots as tight as I want them." Mother—"Yes, my dear, I suspect when you get older, you will walk yourself into the grave." Daughter—"Perhaps I may, but, anyway, I shall look well while I'm walking there."

Two women got into a crowded St. Louis horse-car. A man gave one of them a seat, and told a boy to do the same for the other. "I won't," replied the youngster. The man seized him by the collar, pulled him out of the seat, and lectured him on the duty of politeness, and subsequently paid a fine of $5 in court.

A gardener at Naples holds out the hope that in the near future the camellia will rival the rose in fragrance as well as in beauty. After years of experiment he has succeeded in producing a camellia with a delicate perfume. It is of a pale rose color, and the gardener hopes to obtain before long fragrant white blossoms.

A New Yorker, being bored by the talk about English pedestrianism, and especially about the walking abilities of English girls and women, declared that "when you come to right down steady-going, the American women can ride more miles in the street cars without getting tired than any other handsome creatures in the world."

A lady has been giving cooking lessons in Chicago. She said some wise things to a gentleman. "Heavy bread," in her opinion, is a frequent cause of divorce, for "bad cooking leads to everything bad." And further, "the wife of a devoted husband is always a good cook. Intemperance, profanity, disgust of home life, all are born of bad cooking."

A gentleman was inquiring lately for a young lady of his acquaintance. "She is dead," very gravely replied the person to whom he addressed his inquiries. "I never heard of it. What was her disease?" "Vanity," was the reply. "She buried herself alive in the arms of an old fellow of seventy, with a fortune, in order to have the glorious satisfaction of a gilded tomb."

Blessed are they that have nothing, sometimes. A case in point:—A market woman in Toronto caused the arrest of a respectable-looking young man by accusing him of passing a bad two-dollar bill on her. She affirmed that she gave him $1.70 in change. The respectable-looking young man was thereupon searched, and was found not to have a penny in his possession. He was discharged.

A nice-looking old lady, with a snowy circle of lace about her head, sat in a car the other day and drew up her skirts nervously, lest the cataract of tobacco juice that was pouring from the mouths of two loafers next her should deluge them. "Conductor," she asked timidly, when he came in, "isn't it against the rules to spit on the floor of the car?" "No, ma'am" replied the gallant conductor, "spit wherever you like."

A lady called upon a fashionable London physician in the West End. "I have come," she said, to ask you to give me something that will help me through to-morrow. I am going to the drawing-room, and my head aches so already that it will be a martyrdom." "Madam," he replied politely, "you are the tenth who has called upon me to-day for the same thing. I give you the advice I have given them—stay away." But she didn't.

News Notes.

Coal sells for six cents a bushel at Pittsburg.

Parasols of plaited straw are again in vogue.

In Texas they call it suicide by horse-stealing.

A shower of honey fell in Georgia on the just and unjust.

An English constable mounted a bicycle and caught a thief.

A Pittsburg horse kicked at a fly this week and killed a little boy.

At a fancy fair an "old woman" sat in an immense shoe, selling dolls.

The strength of an elephant is reckoned at that of thirty-seven men.

The English House of Commons voted to continue capital punishment.

It is estimated that the national debt is owned by less than 100,000 individuals.

It is reported on scientific authority that gold exists in large quantities in Iceland.

A Detroit doctor says that people with light eyes and hair are those who have warts.

The newest idea is to send artificial flowers with the favorite perfume of the wearer.

A brother of Mrs. Langtry, the famous ex-beauty of England, has been killed by a tiger in India.

The electric light is being introduced in the coal mines of Great Britain with gratifying results.

By the discovery of America the potato was introduced among all the civilized nations of the world.

It appears from the police reports that in London alone there are no less than 30,000 regular thieves.

A Utica physician has discovered that diphtheria is unknown in families which roast their own coffee.

A cat bit a little Georgia girl one day last week, and she has since died with all the symptoms of hydrophobia.

A Western preacher opened a base ball game with prayer, and afterwards successfully officiated as umpire.

In 1861 our earth passed through a comet's tail, without any other apparent effect than causing brilliant hues at night.

The London *World* says: "There is no longer a doubt that the infant heir of the Duke of Norfolk is totally blind."

The Chicago Board of Education, by a vote of eight to four, has restored corporal punishment to the public schools.

A Wisconsin father chained his disobedient little boy naked to the floor of a barn, and kept him there on bread and water for five days.

Recent thunder storms, taking undue advantage of the numerous telephone wires, have invaded the privacy of a number of private houses.

A gentleman who went trout fishing in Pennsylvania was surrounded by swallows. Three times, when he threw his line, the birds caught his fly.

The greatest length in the United States from East to west is 2,800 miles; greatest breadth, from north to south, 1,650 miles; average breadth, 1,120 miles.

A Toronto baby, left by itself in a perambulator, while asleep, fell out in such a way that a strap suspended it by the neck, and it was dead when discovered.

The husband of a woman in Illinois who was stung by a spider tried to cure the bite of the insect by administering a quart of whisky, and found himself a widower in consequence.

In the oil country two men sometimes engage in a sham-fight near a toll-bridge, and when the keeper rushes out to part them a confederate slips in and makes off with the toll-box.

The fiery energy of the New York police is indicated by the fact that on a recent Sabbath one member of the force arrested seventeen persons without cause, and ended by clubbing an inoffensive citizen.

A New Haven youngster is a complete rat-trap. He catches the rodents as they run into holes, grabbing them just behind the ears, and the other day captured twelve out of fourteen as they were driven out of an ash-pile.

A prominent United States Senator, in reply to the question whether the President should not hereafter be provided with a body-guard, said that this being a free country, with the humblest citizen the peer of the President, it would hardly be practicable.

As an evidence of the wonderful mind possessed by Premier Gladstone, of England, it is said that he can master a book in fifteen minutes. At the end of that time he is able to make a better argument on the merits of the book than the average reader who has gone from preface to finis.

A gentleman of Georgia tells the following: An old planter of this State, recently deceased, owned a negro named Ike, who could walk the bed of a stream with as much ease as on land. He would carry a couple of large stones in each hand to bear him down, and, fearlessly wading into a river, pass across by wading on the bottom, it mattered not how deep the water.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Feb. 2, 1880.

I know Hop Bitters will bear recommendation honestly. All who use them confer upon them the highest encomiums, and give them credit for making cures—all the proprietors claim for them. I have kept them since they were first offered to the public. They took high rank from the first, and maintained it, and are more called for than all others combined. So long as they keep up their high reputation for purity and usefulness, I shall continue to recommend them—something I have never done with any other patent medicine. J. J. BABCOCK, M. D.

New Publications.

"The Republic of Republics, or American Federal Liberty," by B. P. Cents, Barrister. We have received a copy of the fourth edition of this somewhat voluminous work. Its general character may be best understood by the opening passage in the author's preface. He says: "The theory of this work is precisely that upon which the anti-slavery sentiment of the country based itself, in opposing the extension of slavery, the fugitive slave law, and, indeed, slavery itself; while it supports the action (except nullification) of those States which have from time to time defended themselves against federal excesses." The treatment of the subject, which is exceedingly thorough, is precisely in accord with the spirit of this extract. Everything bearing upon it, in the way of history and record, has been diligently sought after, and applied so that the volume is deserving of the highest consideration as an authority on political views not yet definitely authorized, one way or the other, in this country. It can hardly be said to bring forward any new arguments, or authorities for that matter, but by the excellence of its arrangemon of the old, becomes a valuable compend or digest of the whole matter. It is finely printed and splendidly bound, containing 606 pages. Published by Little, Brown & Co., and for sale by Porter & Coates.

"A Collection of Test Business Problems" is the title of a little work prepared by Thomas May Peirce, M. A., the well-known head of Peirce's Business College, this city. It consists of a series of examples, showing the application of arithmetic to business affairs, and cannot but prove serviceable and valuable to clerks, book-keepers, etc.

The Central Railroad of New Jersey has published a Tourists' Guide, finely illustrated, which those who contemplate making an excursion would do well to procure. It may be had free on application to General Office, 119 Liberty Street, New York.

We have received an accurate reprint of the Oxford edition of the revised New Testament, which is authorized by the American Committee of Revision. This work represents the complete work of the entire committee, as it contains everything that can possibly be of interest in the matter. To clergymen it would seem to be indispensable. Lee & Shepard, publishers, Boston. Received from Claxton & Co. Price, $1.00.

MAGAZINES.

A better floral magazine than Vick's could not be published. From the beautiful colored plate at the beginning, to the end it is filled with items and matters of interest to all lovers of flowers, or of gardening. So much that is good is seldom comprised in so little space. James Vick, publisher, Rochester, N. Y. Price, $1.25 a year.

The August number of the *North American Review* devotes a liberal share of its space to polemical duel between Col. Ingersoll, the great exponent of the unbelief of the day, and Judge Jeremiah S. Black, the eminent jurist. Col. Ingersoll is master of some of the most effective arts of the rhetorician and the popular orator. Judge Black is distinguished alike for his steadfast faith in orthodox Christianity, and for the power and skill with which he is able to sustain any cause in which his convictions are enlisted. He has taken up the challenge as the champion of Christianity, and completely demolishes his antagonist. We recommend the number to our readers as one of the most interesting ever published. Other articles are: "Obstacles to Annexation," by Frederick G. Mather; "Crime and Punishment in New York," by Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby; "A Militia for the Sea," by John Roach; "Astronomical Observatories," by Prof. Simon Newcomb; and "The Public Lands of the United States", by Thomas Donaldson.

NEW MUSIC.

Unquestionably one of the best and neatest musical monthlies extant is the *Musical World*, published by S. Brainard's Sons, Chicago. Not only is its general miscellany of the best kind, but its correspondence, and strictly musical matter, are of more than usual interest. To these excellences in the way of attraction must be added six pieces of superior music, three vocal and three instrumental. The paper used is better than in most publications of its kind, and altogether the magazine is deserving of approbation. Subscription $1.50 per annum.

Saalfields 10-Cent Libraries, issued monthly, are among the best. Each number contains three or four choice pieces of music, printed on excellent paper. For No. 19 the selections are "King's Highway," "What Jack Will Say," and "Pearly Dew-drop." R. A. Saalfield, 839 Broadway, New York.

For the future Russian seamen are to wear beards. This measure is due to the action of the Czar himself, who dislikes everything that smacks of Western culture, and, above all things, shaving. Since the time of Peter the Great, the Russian soldier has always had to be an expert with the razor. For the first time for nearly 200 years this practice, borrowed from Europe, is to be discontinued.

Don't neglect to call upon your friends.

Unhealthy or inactive kidneys cause gravel, Bright's disease, rheumatism, and a horde of other serious and fatal diseases, which can be prevented with Hop Bitters, if taken in time.

TWO OPINIONS.

HIS'N.

"I would not be a girl," said Jack,
"Because girls have no fun;
They cannot go a-fishing, nor
A-shooting with a gun:
They cannot climb up trees for fruit;
They cannot play base-ball,
Nor bathe without a bathing-dress,
Which is no fun at all.
And when a boy becomes a man,
They still have lots of worses,
For if they love a man they've got
To wait till he proposes."

HER'N.

"I would not be a boy," said May,
"For boys are nasty things,
With pockets filled with hooks and knives,
And nails, and tops and strings.
And when a boy becomes a man,
He's got to buy girls rings:
And when upon a girl a youth
Has squandered all his money,
And she goes off with some one else,
Perhaps he don't feel funny;"

—Somerville.

Humorous.

Was any barber ever employed to shave the beard of an oyster?

One swallow does not make a summer, but it lowers a glass of beer dreadfully.

Did you ever see a doctor in the cemetery looking at the monuments of his kill?

Social etiquette among the Indians is confined to one trait. They never let a caller go away hungry, if it takes the last dog.

A little boy was told by his mother to take a powder she had prepared for him. "Powder! powder!" said he; "I ain't a gun."

"Oh, yes," soliloquized a toothless old man—"ah, yes. In infancy we cut our teeth, and in old age our teeth cut us! Such is life!"

Albany has ordered 300 electric lights. Owners of property don't dare to let it get very dark when the Legislature is there.

A little girl, aged five years, going to bed one night, and kneeling down to say her prayers, said, "O mamma! may I only say amen to-night. I'm so tired."

A curious person wants to know if the alleged fact that swans always sing before they die, may not be in some way interwoven with the acknowledged fact that they never sing after they cease to exist.

Two men in New York recently had a fight because they couldn't agree, by looking at a man, what his business was. One called him a country member of the Legislature, and the other said he was a bank-burglar.

A bright little fellow, during a conversation between older people in regard to the condition of a furnace-fire, placed his hand over the register and knowingly remarked that "there's only cold heat coming up here now."

Mean folks in this world! There are! A West End father asked his son if he felt too tired or lame to go to the circus, and when the boy said "no," told him to go and bring up a scuttle of coal, and the boy couldn't say he wasn't able.

The man who invented the fifteen puzzle is now making patterns for the latest styles of oil-cloth. The rumor that he had been struck by lightning last summer was a canard, published by his friends to throw hired assassins off the track.

"Of what use is the alphabet?" asked an indiscreet school-examiner of a class of boys. "Why, to enable mankind to make M. D.'s, D. D.'s, and LL. D.'s!" unexpectedly responded a bright lad, who did not get any good marks for his suggestive reply.

He was a veteran toper, with a fiery red proboscis, but a most kind-hearted and amiable man, and when the flies gathered upon his nose he used to say: "Oh, don't drive them away; they're having a good time, and if they can get their liquor without paying for it, I don't mind."

"Doctor," said a gentleman to an aged clergyman, "why does a little fault in a good man attract more notice than a great fault in a bad man?" "For the same reason, perhaps," answered the reverend doctor, "that a slight stain on a white garment is more readily noticed than a larger stain on a colored one."

A newspaper agent, being told by an old lady that it was no use to subscribe for the papers now, as Mother Shipton said the world was coming to an end this year, said, "But won't you want to read an account of the whole affair, as soon as it is over?" "That I will," answered the old lady; and she subscribed.

A man can buy a hat in seven minutes, and it takes a woman two hours and forty-seven minutes on an average to accomplish the same important errand. But then a woman has to practice most of this time to find out which side of the hat to the front is the most becoming, while a man has only to get the bow on the left and he's all right, and can go home.

A boy, in urging his father, for whom he was a clerk, to join in the "early-closing movement," was sharply rebuffed, whereupon he said, "I wouldn't be like a rat in a trap, anyhow!" "What do you mean by that?" demanded his father. "I mean," answered the son, "that a rat in a trap is always opposed to the early closing movement."

Everybody has heard of the jolly Dutchman who when the steamboat was likely to sink, succeeded, after much trouble, in finding a life preserver large enough to fit him. While he was trying his best to blow it up, a young fellow standing by said: "You can't fill that with wind—it leaks. Don't you hear it sis?" "Ish dot so?" he replied. "Vell, I tinks, den, I better keep do vind myself."

Two Turks were at a French banquet. Toward the conclusion of the feast one Frenchman selected a toothpick from a tray of those useful implements lying near him, and politely passed the receptacle on to his neighbor, who, however, peremptorily declined his offer, exclaiming, "No, thank you, I have already eaten two of the accursed things, and I want no more."

He was praising her beautiful hair, and begging for one tiny curl, when her little brother said: 'Oh, my! 'taint nothing now. You ought to have seen how long it hangs down when she hangs it on the table to comb it." Then they laughed and she called her brother a cute little angel, and when the young man was going away, and heard that boy yelling, he thought the lad was taken suddenly and dangerously ill.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound revives the drooping spirits; invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions; gives elasticity and firmness to the step restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale sheek of beauty the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

Troublesome Children,

that are always wetting their beds, ought not to be scolded and punished for what they cannot help. They need a medicine having a tonic effect on the kidneys and the urinary organs. Such a medicine is Kidney-Wort. Is has specific action. Do not fail to get it for them.—Exchange.

Mayor Beatty.

"In the subjoined paragraph will be found a compliment to Mayor Beatty, of Washington, New Jersey: 'Thursday evening last it happened we were on the passenger train that reached Washington at about seven o'clock, and while stopping to change engines, a splendid span of horses was noticed upon the street some distance below the track, drawing a carriage containing two gentlemen, neither of whom was recognized by us until a hum passed through the car, and the name of Daniel F. Beatty, the Organ King, was spoken with the familiarity of a household word, and in an instant many of the windows were hoisted, as the passengers seemed intent upon getting a better view of the elegant turnout of the well-known gentleman. The Mayor gracefully acknowledged the compliment, and, removing his white silk hat, bowed repeatedly to the occupants of the train. We do not note this fact as an advertisement, but as a pleasure. By strict attention to business this comparatively young man has built up a business of colossal proportions, and is at present giving employment to as great a number of men, if not greater, than any private individual in the country. Enterprise is what we most admire, and whether it comes from the railroad, mining, or organ business, it is just the same to us. We say success to Beatty, the Organ King, and long may he live to fill the world with music, and the pocket of the skilled mechanic with money. Would that our country he more such men. —Blairstown (N. J.) Press.

Mayor Beatty, though young, and a few years ago poor and obscure, is now certainly one of the best known business men in the country. We know an intelligent lady who some time since became impressed with the idea that Mayor Beatty was overdoing the organ business, and she conceived the peculiar notion that she would like to learn of some happy spot where Beatty and his organs had never been heard of. She interviewed people who had traveled in the west, and inquired of friends who had made an extensive tour of Europe and the East, and alas for her cherished hopes, they reported that they had not gone beyond the lines of Beatty's advertising circles. He is ambitious and is pushing ahead, and will probably never be satisfied until he has spun an advertising web which will stretch over the civilized portion of the globe."—Belvidere (N. J.) Apollo.

We clip the above from the Apollo, and heartily endorse the sentiments expressed. We have known Mayor Beatty from the commencement of his career, and have watched with pride the growth and expansion of his business, from its beginning to its present mammoth proportions.—Washington (N. J.) Star.

Important.

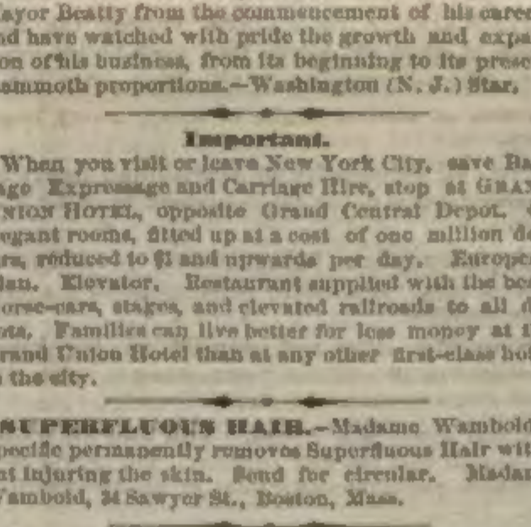
When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, stop at Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot. 400 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame Wambold, 24 Sawyer St., Boston, Mass.

Pearl's White Glycerine cures sunburn and prickly heat, and makes the skin soft and smooth. Use Pearl's White Glycerine Toilet Soap.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED



STOMACH
BITTERS

Feeble and Sickly Persons

Recover their vitality by pursuing a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the most popular invigorant and alterative medicine in use. General debility, fever and ague, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism and other maladies are completely removed by it. Ask those who have used it what it has done for them.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use **RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.**

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREPARE THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, The Delereux, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Strains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True,"
"Radway on Irritable Urethra,"
"Radway on Scrofula,"

and others relating to different chases of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION —OF— PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

His Life, and the Vagabond Life of THE ASSASSIN, CHARLES GUITEAU. Likenesses of all parties concerned, and other engravings. Thrilling account. Retail, only **25 cents**; wholesale, fifty copies, **$6**; one hundred for **$10**. Agents wanted. Sales big, and profits large.

BARCLAY & CO.,
21 North 7th St., Philadelphia.

Facetiæ.

A tramp's motto—"A little earning is a dangerous thing."

Never put off till to-morrow a laugh that can be laughed to-day.

"How does this strike you?" asked the lightning to the barn.

Why is a fat man like a blind man? Because he feels his weigh.

Before a man cries over spilt milk he should be sure the milk is pure.

The red flag is a signal of danger. If you doubt it, wave one in the face of a mad bull.

The injunction, "Look not upon the wine when it is red," has no effect upon the color-blind drinker.

Why is the meat in your sandwich like the large middle-class of society? It lies between the upper-crust and the under-bred.

"This is an age of enterprise," as the laborer remarked when he inserted his crowbar under the edge of a flagstone.

The golden eagle makes less noise in the contribution-box than a cent, principally for the reason that it is never put in.

Character of an absent friend: He never talks unless about himself, and when he is silent it is to think of what to say next.

A Western desperado recently shot dead a man because he wouldn't pray. How very dangerous Western life would be for most of us.

The old Testament will not be revised for three years yet. People will have to break the ten commandments as they are for the present.

The house fly can only see a distance of 33 feet, but that never bothers him any. He always manages to keep within 37 feet of everything.

A police court is a very accommodating place to transact business. If you haven't the money to pay cash, the judge generally gives you time.

A Frenchman in business here advertises that he has a "chasm" for an apprentice. He had looked up the word "opening" in the dictionary.

"There is no disgrace in being poor," we are told. And we're howling glad of it, for there are enough other disadvantages about it, without that one.

"See here, waiter," said Cauliflower, pushing away his egg-cup, with disgust, "I don't want to count chickens before they are hatched, I can tell you."

"There is no such word as fail," should be modified to meet the unpleasant times, so as to state about how many cents will be paid on the dollar.

The San Antonio people complain of little fishes in the water-mains. They can't expect the water works company to furnish them with whales 120 feet long for $1 a month.

It costs $5,000 to bring a boy up to the age of fifteen, and we defy any one to pick out a fifteen-year-old boy that's worth it. Fifteen strikes the age of utter uselessness in a boy.

"Sit down," said a handsomely-dressed and vivacious young lady at a fashionable watering-place—"sit down: it's about the only thing you can do here without paying for it."

The man said he couldn't hire the applicant. Said the young man, "I can prove that I am perfectly honest." "Yes, I know," said the other, "that's the trouble. You see, I am in the ice business."

"As for me, I do not believe what I do not understand." "Do you understand how it is that fire will soften butter, but will harden an egg?" "No, really, I do not." "Yet you believe in the omelet!"

A Memphis druggist has been killed by the explosion of a soda fountain. If ice-cream would only explode, now, the impecunious young man would feel safe in the society of his girl the whole summer.

The report of a party, written for a French paper, stated that a certain gentleman appeared in evening dress. But the bungler who translated it for an English paper got it that he appeared in a "night dress."

There is one smart girl who will in the hereafter be heard of in women's rights societies. She described a "straw" as being a hollow thing with a ten-cent man on one end of it and a twenty-cent drink on the other.

Probably the meanest man on record keeps a boarding-house in San Domingo. Last winter an earthquake turned the edifice clear upside down, and the very next morning he began charging the garret lodgers first-floor prices.

A witness was on the stand in an illegal liquor sale case. The counsel was trying to find out in what kind of a glass the liquor was handed to the witness, and at last exclaimed: "What kind of a looking glass was it?" "Begorra, sir, it was not a looking glass—it was a tumbler."

You may talk of unpolluted joy and all-wool baize a yard wide, but it's hard to lay over the keen, cool calm of the boy who rattles two mutton bones together and sings the latest negro melody while he sits on the top rail of the fence and swings his sore toe athwart the glad sunlight of careless, cursed boyhood.

Porter—Hotel attache who can see a quarter farther in a minute than he can see your baggage in a week. His duties are to forget your shoes, call you for the wrong train, leave some of your baggage at the hotel, lose your letters, and remember the half dollar you promised him the first day you came to the house.

"My Back Aches So,

and I feel miserable," said a hard-working man. The doctor questioned him, and found that he had been habitually costive for years, that now his kidneys were disordered, and his whole system deranged. Kidney-Wort was recommended, and faithfully taken, and in a short time every trouble was removed. The cleansing and tonic power of this medicine on the bowels and kidneys is wonderful.—Congregationalist.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can Sympathize with Woman.

Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this Paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists. "GS

KIDNEY-WORT

DOES WONDERFUL CURES! WHY?

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and Female Complaints.

SEE WHAT PEOPLE SAY:

Eugene B. Stork, of Junction City, Kansas, says, Kidney-Wort cured him after regular Physicians had been trying for four years.

Mrs. John Arnall, of Washington, Ohio, says her boy was given up to die by four prominent physicians and that he was afterwards cured by Kidney-Wort.

M. M. R. Goodwin, an editor in Chardon, Ohio, says he was not expected to live, being bloated beyond belief, but Kidney-Wort cured him.

Anna L. Jarrett of South Salem, N. Y., says that seven years suffering from kidney troubles and other complications was ended by the use of Kidney-Wort.

John B. Lawrence of Jackson, Tenn., suffered for years from liver and kidney troubles and after taking "barrels of other medicines," Kidney-Wort made him well.

Michael Cote of Montgomery Center, Vt., suffered eight years with kidney difficulty and was unable to work. Kidney-Wort made him "well as ever."

KIDNEY-WORT

PERMANENTLY CURES
KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
Constipation and Piles.

It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form in tin cans, one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for those that cannot readily prepare it.

It acts with equal efficiency in either form.

GET IT AT THE DRUGGISTS. PRICE, $1.00

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop's, BURLINGTON, VT.
(Will send the dry post-paid.)

THE MILD POWER
CURES

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease and its Cure (144 pp.) also Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Humphreys Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York

FREE TO YOU!

In order to introduce our goods, we will make to every reader of this periodical a Valuable Present of Six Perforated Card Board Mottoes, very pretty and useful for working with worsted or silk into text-marks or other souvenirs. Remember, this is a bona-fide free gift, and will cost you nothing. Send your address upon a postal card, and the mottoes will be sent you by return mail, free of charge. We shall also send you a catalogue of our goods, but you need feel under no obligations to buy unless you desire. Address, F. M. LUPTON, 87 Park Place, New York.

HIRES Improved Root Beer. Makes five gallons of a delicious and sparkling beverage,—wholesome and temperate. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. Address, CHAS. E. HIRES, Manufacturer, 48 N. Delaware Av., Philadelphia, Pa.

This Invitation Is From John Wanamaker.

On visiting Philadelphia you will find, among other places of interest, the *Grand Depot* well worthy of a visit. Its floor and gallery spaces now cover over three acres, and are filled with Dry Goods, Carpets, China, Furniture, etc. The last addition is a large and beautiful *Picture Gallery*, to which admittance is free.

The *Pneumatic Tubes* carrying the money through the air, and the *Electric-Light Machinery*, are also worth seeing.

There is a *Lunch-Room* in the building. Valises, baskets and packages can be left in charge of attendant in Ladies' Waiting Room.

Mr. Wanamaker is desirous that visitors should feel at home when they come, and be free to purchase or not, as they please.

NOTE.—Our large Catalogue, with prices and full directions for shopping by mail from any part of the United States, will be mailed gratuitously upon request, address JOHN WANAMAKER, GRAND DEPOT, PHILADELPHIA.

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ADJUSTABLE CHAIR,
With Thirty Changes of Positions.

READING POSITION.

Parlor, Library, Invalid Chair, Child's Crib, Bed, or Lounge, combining beauty, lightness, strength, simplicity, and comfort. Everything to an exact science. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Goods shipped C. O. D. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular, and quote SATURDAY EVENING POST. Address,

WILSON ADJUSTABLE CHAIR M'F'G. CO.,
661 Broadway, New York.

C. G. STODDART,
Broker in Stocks
—AND—
Miscellaneous Securities,
312 STOCK EXCHANGE PLACE, PHILA.

Buys and Sells on Commission for Cash or Margin. All securities dealt in at the New York or Philadelphia Stock Exchanges. Oil certificates of the United and other Pipe lines bought or sold for cash, or on margin. Also deals in first-class Stock Privileges. $100 and upwards invested to the best advantage—according to the wishes of the sender. Correspondence solicited. Orders by mail or telegraph faithfully and promptly executed.

C. G. STODDART,
312 Exchange Place, Philada.

JUST WHAT YOU WANT

FUN FOR THE BOYS

False Mustache made of genuine hair. Can be put on or off instantly. Lots of fun at the sudden change. Three colors, light, dark brown and black. MUSTACHES by mail 20 CTS., 3 for 50 CTS., GOATEES TO MATCH 15 CTS. EACH. Prof Heller's Magical Trick Cards 10 cts. Trick Cigarette Case 15 cts. Bewitched Tobacco Box 15 cts. Surprise Needle Watch Charm 20 cts. New Wooden Bird call 10 cts. Mechanical Grasshopper jumps six feet high 10 cents. Young's Great Book of 400 Secrets or how to make $10 a day without capital 50 cts. Perfect Etiquette or how to behave in society 20 cts. Gents Perfect Letter Writer 50 cts. Ladies' perfect Letter Writer 50 cts. Selections for Autograph Albums 30 cts. Secrets of Ancient and Modern Magic 15 cts. Old Gypsey Madge's Fortune Teller 25 cts. Mystery of Love Making Solved 25 cts. Home Sweet Home Game 25 cts. Muscle of Mirth for Funny Fellows 15 cts. Showman's Guide 15 cts. Our Knowledge Box or old Secrets and New Discoveries 25 cts. Nickel Plated 7 shot Revolvers $1.40 best in the market. Watches best and cheapest in the world. A Watch Free to those who become our agents. Send a trial order. Postage Stamps taken.

World M'f'g Co., 122 Nassau St. New York.

Smithnight's
ASTHMA REMEDY

The Only Sure Remedy for ASTHMA and HAY FEVER, is sold under a positive guarantee. Price $1.00 per package. Sample package and testimonials free. Address

LOUIS SMITHNIGHT, Chemist, Cleveland O.

WHITE GLYCERINE

Gives a Permanently BEAUTIFUL Complexion.

PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE penetrates the skin without injury, eradicates all spots, Impurities and Discolorations, either within or upon the Skin, leaving it smooth, soft, pliable. For Sunburn, Prickly Heat, Chapped, Rough or Chafed Skin, it is the best thing in the world. TRY Pearl's White Glycerine Soap, 2 cakes by mail 50c. Pearl's White Glycerine Co. Prop'rs Jersey City, N. J. Sold by all Druggists.

AUTOMATIC CABINET—PLAY ANY TUNE.

ORGANS ONLY $5.

Music, &c. per book. Illustrated Catalogues free.
THEO. J. HARBACH, 809 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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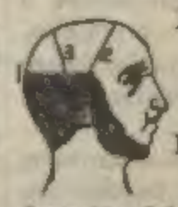

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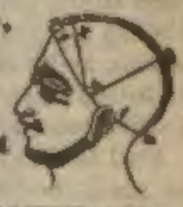

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

LET me tell my readers how to make a new dress out of an old one, or one or two old ones. Of course, they must be entirely unpicked and cleaned. This done, see if you have sufficient stuff for a foundation short skirt. If not, you may make it of lining or white cotton, or anything you may have at hand, as it will be completely covered, not an inch of it being left visible. Old silk is admirable for this when you have it; but, as I have said, anything else will do. All walking dresses are now built on some such foundation. On these you place three little frills firstly, right at the bottom of the foundation, and over and above these about five plaited flounces, if you would be in the last fashion, or an apron of gathered puffs, or one deep kilted flounce, reaching to the hips—if you please. If the foundation should be of too common a material to be visible, even in the event of a gust of wind, the flounces should be fixed at the edge to the foundation, at little distances; and, under these circumstances, puffs or gathers would be preferable, as they are firmly stitched to the foundation. Scarf draperies are then fastened round the skirt, and form bows and ends or puffs at the back, and a jacket bodice completes the dress. The flounces may be of alternate colors, and materials even, and the scarves also partly colored, whilst the jacket will be entirely of one color, but will have cuffs, pockets, collar, or facings of the other color and material used in the dress. Instead of the jacket, a plaited body may be made, or a polonaise, which, in its turn, may be tight to the figure or fulled in at the neck and shoulders, with a wide band round the waist.

Full bodies are quite as much seen now as plain bodies. Crossed full bodies are particularly fashionable, as also are very deep belts to be worn with them. These are sometimes pointed in front and at the back, and sometimes they are pointed only in front, the back forming postillion tabs, or two long sash ends, which are tied together like an ordinary sash.

There is a great variety of sleeves. Some have a large puff, from shoulder to elbow, whilst the rest is quite tight to the arm. Others have a puff on the shoulders, and another at the elbows, with the rest of the sleeve tight to the arm. Others are full all the way down, and are gathered in at the shoulders and at the wrists, like the bishop sleeves of old. And finally, there is the quite tight sleeve, which is made somewhat short, to allow long gloves to be worn with them. These gloves may be buttoned or not at pleasure. When not buttoned, they wrinkle on the arm.

All dresses, whether short or long, whether for day or evening, are very short in front, to show well the pretty stocking, which for evening is of black or white lace, according to the color of the dress. Lace stockings are almost universally worn now for evening. Nevertheless, silk stockings are still thought to be sufficiently elegant for some ladies, who are quite slaves to every fashionable whim. White stockings, however, are no longer worn in the street. Colored silk and embroidered thread stockings have taken their place, nor are white skirts worn in the street, under dark dresses.

The newest thing for the neck of low, or partially low dresses, are immense ruching of gold lace, or silver lace, or plain black lace beaded with jet, or white lace embroidered with pearls. They are fixed on wire, which keeps them erect, and bends them to the shape of the shoulders. They are quite high at the back, and gradually lessen in width, till they form a point in front. Only short hair, or hair dressed very high, can be worn with these ruches, or Elizabethian collars, which are of course only becoming to persons with long necks.

Demi-toilet dresses are now almost all made without sleeves; that is, the sleeves are of transparent gauze, tulle, muslin, net, lace, or bead work. These sleeves, therefore, become an important branch of Lingerie, as every demi-toilette dress must be provided with several sets of these sleeves, and neck frills to match. As the whole arm is seen through them, we do not recommend them to ladies who have not a perfect arm, in which case less transparent materials are preferable, such as satin, foulard, or surah. They are made sometimes in Elizabethian puffs, from shoulder to wrist, with bracelets between each puff; or they are puffed lengthwise; or they are of the leg of mutton shape; or of the Bishop shape, that is, frilled in both at the shoulders and wrists, with a bracelet round the wrists, and a frill of lace to fall over the hand, which style is perhaps the most becoming of all.

The neck-frill in every case must be of the same material as the sleeves which they accompany. They are high or low round the neck, according to the wearer's taste, and the manner of dressing the hair, a high *coiffure* being indispensable with a high collaret; whilst a low or narrow ruching or frill can alone be worn with hair falling in loops, curls, or plaits on the neck.

Black has been in fashion so long, it was supposed that it would not be very popular for summer wear, but the great furore caused by the Spanish lace dresses and trimmings has brought it into as great vogue as ever, and now, as during the last few seasons, it will be very elegantly worn. Black lace, grenadine, and mousseline de soie will therefore compose some of the most elegant toilettes of the season, and certainly the most serviceable. Either of these materials can be worn over black and color. Some charming dresses of these transparent materials are over black, with a little color under the flounce and among the trimming. When all black they are lavishly trimmed with jet, beaded net, and jet and chenille fringe, bead passementerie, etc., and some of the most elegant have beads round the neck, armholes, and edges of the basques and tunics.

In under clothing there is nothing new to notice this month. I may only mention the fact that skirt supporters are increasing in size. Skirts, therefore, should be made much fuller at the back, and be provided with a ladder of flounces, the flounced width being tied together under the skirt to keep them well in their place in the middle of the back. Short, and train skirts, however, have a wide box-plaited flounce stitched to the bottom of the skirt; underneath that is a balayeuse of lace of the same width as the flounce, or even a trifle longer, as the lace may be seen peeping from under the dress, which in its turn has a balayeuse of lace to match.

In millinery I may mention the little "Capote," composed of black and steel lace, with an Alsatian bow to match in front, and a tuft of feathers or flowers on one side; or the Alsatian bow may be made of feathers or flowers, when no other trimming is necessary. Then the "Directoire" or poke, trimmed with birds' feathers, lace, ribbon, mixed all together or employed separately. It is worn both with and without strings, and becomes hat or bonnet accordingly. It may also be worn quite at the back of the head, like a sailor hat, or to bend over the eyes, like a mushroom hat. When worn at the back, a diadem of flowers is placed under the brim. When worn in front, a comb of flowers is worn on the hair.

A bonnet of violet satin, closely gathered at the back, has a wreath of large heartsease of various shades, and strings of black Spanish lace.

Some charming hats for young girls have a fluted brim, lined with surah or velvet. The trimming consists of wreaths of field-flowers such as forget-me-nots, daisies, poppies, etc., half hidden by filmy lace.

A handsome capote of black Spanish lace, with strings of the same, had a wreath of dog roses and eglantine. The flowers were half-shaded by a fichu of black tulle, which was drawn to the sides of the bonnet, and thence fell in long floating ends furnishing strings.

Fireside Chat.

ENTRÉES.—[CONCLUDED.]

SWEETBREADS.—There are many ways of cooking these, and as they have not much flavor of their own, they admit of many varieties of sauces. First prepare them by soaking them in lukewarm water for some hours, then clean and wash thoroughly, blanch by putting into cold water and then into boiling water, simmer until they are firm, and then take out, and when cold, lard with good larding pork. If to be stewed, put into a saucepan with some stock and a little salt, add a faggot of sweet herbs, and simmer until the stock is half gone, then add half a tin of mushrooms, some chopped parsley, and a hard boiled egg chopped fine. If to be served with tomato or other sauce, prepare as above, but dip in batter, and fry in smoking fat until brown; add the sauce by pouring it round the sweetbreads and serve as hot as possible.

Chicken Croquettes.—Mix one pint of cold boiled chicken, chopped fine, half a pint of boiled bread and milk rather stiff, a gill of stock, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and the yolk of an egg, salt and pepper, and a little chopped parsley, and one or two chopped mushrooms and truffles if you have them. Mix well and cook altogether for a few moments. Let the mixture get quite cold, then form it into rolls the size and shape of an egg, dip into egg and bread crumbs, and fry in hot lard: care must be taken to follow the directions given as to frying; put the croquettes on a cloth for a moment before serving, so that it may absorb all the surplus fat. Lamb or veal also makes nice croquettes, though not so nice as the chicken.

Clam Fritters.—Take half the quantity of clams contained in one tin, drain off the liquor and chop them; remove the beard or hard substance. Make a batter of one egg, one cup of milk, salt and flour enough to make a little thicker than rich cream; add the clams. Have some boiling fat on the fire, and drop about a spoonful of the mixture in at a time. When brown, take it out and cook the others until the mixture is all used; serve at once. They can be fried with a little dripping, if dry frying is liked, and are very nice, if not so rich, and are less trouble.

Italian Kidney.—Boil some macaroni until tender, put a layer in a baking dish with some sliced boiled kidney; season highly, then put in a layer of tomatoes, and so on until the dish is filled, wetting the whole with some good stock and a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Over the top put grated bread with bits of butter, bake well and slowly for an hour. The quantity of macaroni boiled must of course be decided by the size of the dish used.

Meat Pie.—Stew for two hours on the back of the fire with water enough to cover it, a pound and a half of coarse beef cut in small pieces—cold bits of cooked meat will do as well—with the addition of a small lump of dripping gravy to supply the necessary fat to the meat. Put the stewed meat into a deep baking dish with salt and pepper to taste, a little butter, one grated onion, a dredging of flour and one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. On the top put one layer of raw potatoes cut very thin, cover the dish with a rich paste and bake.

Oyster Patties.—Line some small tins with puff paste, put in a piece of bread to keep the top and bottom paste from meeting, cover with paste, cut it round, and bake in a quick oven fifteen minutes. Scald a dozen oysters, cut them in quarters, put them in a stewpan with an ounce of butter, a teaspoonful of flour mixed with their liquor, a little stock, and two or three shreds of lemon, season with salt, powdered mace and cayenne, add gradually three tablespoonfuls of cream; mix well together, then with a knife remove the top crust of the patties, take out the bread and fill with the mixture of oysters, put on the covers and serve.

Cotolettes de Veau en Papillotes.—Chop some parsley, chives, raw ham, mushrooms and truffles together, mix them with an egg, bread crumbs and pepper. Put a thin layer of this mixture on each side of the cutlets, wrap each one in a thin slice of bacon, then in a sheet of well-buttered paper. When ready, put in a pan and cook in a moderate oven for an hour, turning them, so as to have them equally cooked, and the papers only of a light brown, not in the least burnt.

Friandeau Glace.—Cut the veal cutlets into pieces about an inch thick and four inches long. Lard them on both sides and put them in a pan with four ounces of butter. When they are of a golden color on both sides, pour on them enough boiling water to cover them, add some parsley, a bay leaf, thyme, two large onions and carrots cut in slices, salt and pepper. Let the whole simmer for two hours. Strain off the gravy through a fine sieve into another pan, and set it on a brisk fire. Let it boil fast until very thick, pour it over the veal and serve. Save the vegetables for soup.

OF TREES.—There is an old tradition that Abraham planted a cypress, a pine, and a cedar, and that these three were incorporated into one tree, which was cut down for the building of the Temple of Solomon. Isidorus, who lived in the reign of Constantine, assures us that he saw, even in his time, that famous oak in the plains of Mamre under which Abraham is reported to have dwelt, and adds that the people looked upon it with a great veneration, and preserved it as a sacred tree. The heathens went still further, and regarded it as the highest piece of sacrilege to injure certain trees which they took to be protected by some deity.

If we consider the invention of Virgil, so much blamed by several critics in this light, we shall hardly think it too violent. Æneas, when he built his fleet in order to sail for Italy, was obliged to cut down the grove on Mount Ida, which, however, he durst not do until he had obtained leave from Cybele, to whom it was dedicated.

The goddess could not but think herself obliged to protect these ships, which were made of consecrated timber, after a very extraordinary manner, and therefore asked of Jupiter that they might not be obnoxious to the power of waves or winds.

Jupiter would not grant this, but promised that as many as came safe to Italy should be transformed into goddesses of the sea; which, the poet tells us, was accordingly accomplished.

The common opinion concerning the nymphs, whom the ancients called Hamadryads, is more to the honor of trees than anything yet mentioned. It was thought the fate of those nymphs had so near a dependence on some trees, more especially oaks, that they lived and died together.

For this reason they were extremely grateful to persons who preserved those trees.

DOMESTIC DANGER SIGNALS.—On the subject of domestic management I may quote a recipe for avoiding family quarrels, which I think may fairly claim credit for good sense. It was given me by an old man as invented and practised by a couple he used to know. "You see, sir," he said, "they'd agree between themselves that whenever he came home a little 'contrairy' and out of temper, he wore his hat on the back of his head, and if she came in a little 'cross', she threw her shawl over her left shoulder, and then he never said a word." If similarly wise danger signals could be pretty largely used, how many a long train of evil consequences would be safely shunted till the line was clear again. M. S.

Correspondence.

I. U. N., (Princess Anne, Md.)—You can mount the chromos with gum arabic or common white glue.

SCIENCE, (Baltimore, Md.)—The theory of the tides was first satisfactorily explained by Kepler, a German.

W. H. M., (Laurel Hill, S. C.)—Baird & Co., Industrial Publishers, Philadelphia, will furnish you what you want.

PRESIDENT, (New Castle, Del.)—Abraham Lincoln was shot by John Wilkes Booth, at Ford's Theatre, Washington, and died April 15, 1865.

L. S., (Salem, Ill.)—Thomas Paine, the infidel and revolutionary writer, was never a member of the United States Congress that we are aware of. He died in New York in 1809.

GLOVES, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Young ladies must never take off their gloves in church or anywhere else where they appear as dressed. Gloves are as much a part of a lady's dress as a bonnet is.

J. S., (Pisgah, Ala.)—The song "Silver Threads Among the Gold" was written, we believe, by J. P. Danks, a Boston composer of considerable merit. When it was written we cannot say, but certainly within the last six years.

J. A. L., (Walnut Ridge, Ark.)—The pig-nut to which we had reference is the root of a European plant of which hogs are exceedingly fond. It is sometimes called earth-nut. The pig-nut in this country is a name sometimes given to the fruit of one of the hickories.

E. D., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Strong liquid ammonia, rubbed on with a piece of cloth, will remove grease-spots from cloth-jackets. The jacket should be well-beaten or brushed first to remove all dust, and then the ammonia applied to the parts on which the grease has accumulated.

LOGGERHEAD, (Fannin Co., Tex.)—1. The young lady's reason for not wishing to keep your company at first was a good one. Very few girls of true feeling would care to receive the attentions of a man whose wife had been dead but six months. 2. Either plan will do, but it is better, if possible, to see her. One interview may accomplish more than a dozen letters.

E. A. W. H., (Noble, Mich.)—1. There is no way to restore the frames unless by re-gilding. If the patches are small, apply gold-leaf with glue, and when dry burnish. 2. Washing will not harm them, though care should be taken not to rub the oil-paintings too hard. With the chromos a damp cloth only should be used. 3. The faded colors of the paintings may be restored by exposing them to the vapor of alcohol. 4. It is inadvisable to oil them. The frames will be better for the varnish. 5. Your inquiry about painting "winter bouquets" we do not understand.

ROXY, (Macon, Ga.)—We are afraid you are becoming tired of the young man in himself, more so than his company. If you loved him as you say you do, more of his society even should please you the more. Five times a week and notes every day is certainly crowding matters, all things considered, but unless it interferes with your personal or domestic duties in some way we cannot see how it should annoy you. The girl who grows tired of a sweetheart will certainly grow tired of a husband. For if you are annoyed by visits now and then, how will you stand his constant company for life? Think over the matter and find out if there is not something else at work.

VOCALIST, (York, Pa.)—Deep and full respirations are two of the essential qualities of effective vocalization and good singing; the student should therefore accustom himself—even when not singing—to practice drawing as long a breath as possible and holding it in until compelled to emit it. In order to breathe freely during such respiratory exercise, the student must be careful to flatten the stomach, and to inflate and expand the chest as much as possible; he must remain in this position as long as he can, and then allow the breath to exhale very slowly, until the stomach and chest have returned to their natural position; he will then repeat the process, taking care that the mouth be moderately open both in inhaling and exhaling.

DEBATE, (Kensington, Pa.)—The British Isles have long been famous for their tin mines. Many centuries before Julius Cæsar made his famous landing upon the coast of Britain, the galleys of the Phœnicians were accustomed to sail thither for this metal. Tin was then both rare and valuable, as it was necessary to make an alloy with copper in order to compose bronze. It will be remembered that the most ancient metallic weapons and tools were made of bronze, long before the method of working iron was discovered. Cornwall has always been the great source of supply, and to this day England far excels other nations in the production of this metal. Bohemia and Saxony, Spain and Portugal, also have tin mines. Minor supplies have been furnished from Malacca and Australia.

MADGE, (Norristown, Pa.)—We cannot tell you how to win back your sweetheart, not knowing the grounds of your quarrel. But as you are only fifteen, you should not, for several years to come, bother your head about sweethearts. From the description you give of your features, hair, ears, etc., we should say your own estimate of yourself could not be far out of the way, namely, that you are "not altogether bad-looking." Since you have "a big brow," brushing your hair tight back cannot improve your looks; you ought rather to wear it so as to conceal your "big brow." If your nose is Grecian, it must remain Grecian, and if your ears are small you ought to be content with them. Medical science is ignorant of any process that will make the ears grow to the desired length, or the mouth to contract or expand to the desired size and shape.

YOUNG LADY, (Rockdale, Pa.)—The reason for the excessive redness of the cheeks is due to distention of the small veins. It is usually regarded as a sign of robust health, beside adding to the beauty of the face. We know of no cure for it unless it be to break down the constitution by sickness of some kind, and thus secure the desired paleness. 2. The passengers have no right to speak to the conductor unless to ask some necessary question, and he has even less to address them on matters outside of his direct duty. This rule applies to all circumstances. 3. If you have been introduced the questions of age, sex, and social conditions in this country should not affect the matter of address. Where you have the right which an introduction gives you, speak anywhere and at any time to the person you know. Should your address be unnoticed, you have the satisfaction of knowing that you have shown your politeness, if the other has not. 5. Under no circumstances return the salutation of a perfect stranger. Should he become annoying have him arrested.